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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Daniel Yergin

Robert Milder

Daniel J. Levinson

Three Sticky Subjects: Kids, Oil, and Middle Age

It seems to have started out some things that other people know better to keep to themselves," says Robert Milder, talking about his first novel, from which "Molten Waters" is excerpted. For Milder, the revelations began in 1970 when, he says, at the age of twenty-nine, he became a father. Even now, Milder's voice is unsteady when he talks about being confronted with raising his two new and sad and naive daughter after he and his wife separated. "I had to face reality. I was alone with these kids." His experience as a single parent made him realize that the world has been lying about children and adults and life. "Knowing a concept when he sees one," Milder decided in 1975 to write about the "force and sometimes, process of raising kids and his subsequent 'undoing' as a male. As the time, Milder was a member of New York's job he grew to the women's movement. "They were desperate to hire the first male who would take such a job. He wrote a two-page book online and started a literary agent who had once watched her abruptly leave a dinner party in order to rush home and relieve his baby sister. The agent found the idea enough to persuade Milder to quit his job and pursue it.

"We as of one is allowed to say—especially these days—how hard it is to have kids," says Milder. "It may be particularly hard for men. Few men have as emotional experience and kids force that on you. It's extremely easy when it happens. You end up doing all the things women do. Children break a man down." Milder returned in 1976, and he and his wife are expecting a baby in June. He laughs, "Anyone who's seen the book says, 'My God, Milder, don't you ever learn?'"

Complementing Paul Erdos's *The Crack of '76*, Daniel Yergin explores the

reasons why that novel has transcended last winter's and become a source document for worldwide policy makers. At thirty-one, Yergin is somewhat of a policy maker himself. A lecturer at Harvard Business School, he is doing research on the international politics of energy and energy conservation for a book he is coediting. "It's incredible that four and a half years after the embargo, there is still no agreement in this country about whether an energy crisis even exists," says Yergin. "The time we've wasted by not being able to see the relationship between the energy crisis and international politics is tragic. The consequence is to keep up O.P.E.C. and not the stage for the kind of crises that Erdos depicts." A specialist in international relations, Yergin seems to be one of the few people around to succeed in getting the Arab-Bloch Society and the Soviet press to agree on something—both gave him reviews to his recent book on the origins of the cold war, *Shattered Peace*.

Back in 1965, Daniel J. Levinson, Yale University professor of psychology, began a study of what he calls one of the great taboo topics: middle age. After ten years of research, the result is *The Process of a Man's Life*, from which "The Coming One's Own Man" is adapted. Levinson's interest in the mid-life decade was sparked not only by a vacuum of professional research in this he attributes to the fact that careful scrutiny would reveal only decline and retirement. "I was also by his desire, in forty-six, to understand what he had been going through himself. "I was trying to do two things at once," says Levinson about his most recent book. "I wanted to produce a theory of adult development that would be useful to people working professionally but also to write in a way that would talk to men about our personal lives." —A.U.



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The Sound and The Fury

By and About Sports

I was fascinated by Albert Goldman's attack on the tango (Rowing, March 34) on his observations that it is "gent" and that "authority, discipline, fear and compulsion are the name of the game." Did you know that by far the most prominent form of music played by the prisoner band upon the arrival of the doomed voyagers to Auschwitz was the tango? This was told to me by my good friend Carlos Fuentes, and my own research has confirmed that fact. I thought this might be an interesting by-product to an excellent article.

William Stryker
Roxbury, Conn.

Last weekend we had an ice-fishing derby a few miles downriver at Chippewa Bay. I was set and ready to go—but my boots thoroughly soaked with Cedarlic Mink Oil. My plastic flask on my hip. Then I made the ghastly mistake of stepping off at the corner pharmacy for a couple of Antonio y Cleopatra cornets. Behold, there on the magazine rack was the March 34 *Esquire*, with Clint Eastwood "Fanning Field" on the cover together with a dig for Dan Dorfman "Inside Business and Finance." I suffer from high blood pressure, but my excitement and my heart palpitations notwithstanding, I jerked out my \$1.25, at a job reward immediately back to my apartment, inspired a dinner with a son of Buchanar, threw myself onto the couch—dined boots and all—and with my fingers lost checking the current activity in my neck. When it leaped I was satisfied that no stroke was immediately forthcoming. I turned to the contents page to see where I might read about business and finance. Based on the position of the magazine, however, I saw you were running a long excerpt ("My Life as a Publisher") from a new novel by William Stryker. Gee, I thought, since that the guy who was the Publisher First for The Confederation of Nat Turner, the William Dean Howells Medal of The American Academy of Arts and Letters for the best fiction written in the five years preceding the award and had to I heard that a candidate at the Smithsonian was a university in Paris, might had voted his *Le Dées* in *Duclaux* among the ten greatest American novels ever written? I thought it must be the same guy, so, so to report, I bypassed Mr. Dorfman and to my great satisfaction and admiration went to Mr. Stryker. Finally may have a "new format" for "the new man" but somebody down there ought to get his priorities in order.

Frederick Eddy
Alexandria, Va. N.Y.

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Liggett Giving Up Weed?

Bad management undermines the sixth largest U.S. cigarette maker

If you think the dollar's tick, the corporate conceits, unresponsive, lackluster management, inept marketing and advertising skills, a shrinking share of the cigarette market, and a stock that's languishing near its low of the year. Put it all together and you have a hapless corporate entity called the Liggett Group (the newly Liggett & Myers). That's Wall Street's smoldering assessment of the nation's sixth largest cigarette company, which boasts such well-known brands as L&M, Lark, Charleston, and Eric. But Wall Street may not have Liggett to look around much longer for its poor showing in cigarettes. Sources tell me that Liggett, which is also a force in sports (L&M Scotch and Grand Mariner) and pet foods (Aldel), is seriously considering dropping cigarettes—perhaps even its entire 155-year-old tobacco business. And, in fact, this is no casual decision by Liggett; it may have already been made.

I've learned that several top Liggett officials, including chief executive Raymond J. McGill and vice-president for government and legal affairs Roger W. Hooker Jr., recently dashed off to London for a meeting with the folks at Imperial Group Ltd., one of the world's largest tobacco companies. The purpose of the meeting, I hear, was to explore the possibility of Imperial buying Liggett's tobacco business—either part (some cigarettes) or all of it. Imperial, whose fiscal 1977 sales were about \$6.2 billion, generates about 55 percent of its business from tobacco products.

I ring up Hooker at Liggett's executive offices in Durham, North Carolina, and he refused to talk about the future of the tobacco business. "There are no juicy things going on, and I'm not going to say Eric or any other thing," he said. Instead, he declined to add that it's no secret that Liggett's tobacco business has been falling off. Hooker clearly sought to keep the meeting with Imperial by

offering several reasons why the two companies might have gotten together. The first—which he never finished explaining—might have been the most significant: "We could look to Imperial about their buying... but there is no absolutely caught himself, stilled jaws, and said: "It could be about suppliers and customers." He never did discuss the substance of the meeting or its outcome.

When Hooker talks about a falling tobacco business, that's hardly a better example, as a worse performer, than is very own employer. Once the country's third largest tobacco company, Liggett began operations in 1822 in a small tobacco shop in Louisville, Illinois. It later became part of the American Tobacco Trust, which the government based up on in 1911. At that time, Liggett went on credit only with about a third of the cigarette market. Also, it's been downhill ever since. By 1966, Liggett's market share had tumbled to just about 8 percent. And last year, it was down to less than 3.5 percent. Granted the cigarette business hasn't been a world-beater over the past ten years, but the industry as a whole has

still managed to eke out a 3.3 percent average annual growth rate in that period. If Liggett does ditch the tobacco business, it will give up nearly 50 percent of its annual sales. Last year, tobacco companies represented an estimated \$400 million of the firm's \$940 million overall volume. And of that \$400 million, nearly half—about over \$200 million—is thought to reflect cigarette sales.

Why the substantial deterioration at Liggett? Wall Street attributes it to shoddy management and a lack of direction. "The company lacks continuity in advertising, marketing, and management [in its tobacco operations]," says Goldman Sachs analyst Jeffrey Wengler, one of the top tobacco experts on Wall Street. Last year, Liggett introduced two new line for products—Dorade and L&M Silver Lights. But the initial results, says Wengler, indicate that they haven't been successful enough to offset the declines in the other brands. It leads him to conclude—and some Liggett insiders privately agree with him—that Liggett's opportunities are better defined outside the cigarette industry.

If Congress ever decides to start at one cigarette a day, I'd like to nominate one of its newest members—Representative S. William Green of New York City—as the man to head it. He shows real promise as a carry stock picker. His market timing is excellent, and he apparently knows how to capitalize on inside information.

As a case in point, take his purchase of Stetson Holding Corporation—\$1,150 shares, to be precise—between last August and mid-January of this year, at prices ranging from \$3 to \$19. He was no enthusiastic about the company's prospects that he convinced his sister, Cynthia Colton, a broker in Larchmont,

A Congressman's Green Thumb in Stocks



News about Green's sales again.

Photograph by Matthew Wolf

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More revelations.

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THE LAW



BY STEVEN BRILL

The Court's Bakke Spasms

Everyone is struggling to find an equitable solution to the quota case

Many Reach but No Consensus

The Bakke affirmative-action reverse-discrimination case, which the Supreme Court is expected to rule on shortly, has set a record. Nine more briefs of the court briefs have been filed by groups ranging from Black Law Students in Yale to the Polish American Congress. The prior record for anyone brief was 20—set in the 1984 *Brown v. Board of Education* school-desegregation case.

Another indication of the significance of the case is the way the justices have staggered their clerks to work on it. Standard procedure is for only one of the three or four young lawyers who clerk for each justice to work on a given case. But all of the clerks who work for all of the justices have been put to work researching or writing briefs on Bakke.

One court source says the last time that happened was the 1974 case of *U.S. v. Nixon*, when President Nixon tried unsuccessfully to prevent his tapes from being turned over to government prosecutors. Unlike Bakke, that case required extraordinary attention because it was so rushed.

"If all the clerks are working on Bakke," one former clerk explains, "it confirms what I've heard that the court is having all kinds of trouble with the case. There's all kinds of fighting and sparring going on."

A source close to one of the justices said one last week that as of the beginning of March, the court was lined up five to five in favor of Bakke (and against affirmative action programs that use specific numbers targeted, with the majority decision to be written by Chief Justice Warren Burger). However, common drafts of parts of the tentative decision that are

floating around are so convoluted and hedge so much on the basic issue in the case that no one is satisfied with them. Thus, the outcome is still uncertain. As of this writing, sources claim that any one justice could tip the balance either way and that at least two of the four who have so far leaned with Burger in Bakke's favor are so ambivalent about the case and so dissatisfied with the tentative drafts that they might change their minds. Or they might decide to side with Bakke but abstain. Burger will write their own concurring opinions, which could end up making it as unclear as ever where a majority of the Court stands on the central Bakke issue of reverse discrimination. To complicate things further, Burger is reportedly still hoping to frame a decision that all nine justices can come around to supporting. Chief Justice says try for that in the muddy big cases, which means that the chief alternative—a unanimous or near-unanimous decision that sidesteps the major constitutional issues—is still a remote possibility.

Ed Williams Bobbies the Nixon Case?

The second most publicized case in the high court this term, after Bakke, involves the Nixon case. This time, an argument heard last November, Nixon's lawyers insisted, as an invasion of privacy, the rights of NBC and Warner Communications to make TV programs and records out of the tapes that were introduced as evidence and played to the jury and courtroom audience during John Mitchell's Watergate trial.

Legal experts say Nixon will lose, as he did in the court of appeals. However, the one change he has come from an expected source. According to court observers, Edward Bennett Williams, who represented Warner, was not at all up to his usual brilliant performance. His answers to the justices' questions were gen-

erally sloppy. He seemed confused by their inquiries about court procedures for making trial exhibits like the tapes available and was flustered by the hypotheticals they raised. Worse, the hearing transcript suggests that under questioning he let them back him into a more extreme position on public access to court exhibits and proceedings than he needed to. He shrank far beyond from the two safer, narrower arguments that earned the day in the court of appeals—namely, that since the tapes have already been played in court and have been made publicized that any recordings in history, replicating them isn't going to invade anyone's privacy, and that the harm done in that particular case in embarrassing Nixon and of him by allowing the tapes to be used in these ways is more than outweighed by the public interest involved in hearing them.

Williams' poor performance might have made some of the more conservative justices uncomfortable about finding for his client. Still, it is doubtful that it was enough to help Nixon's bid case, especially since Nixon's lawyer, William Jefferson Jr., was even more battered by the justices' questions.

Justice Stevens Drops Clue

For several years Chief Justice Burger and others have made much of how the Supreme Court is overburdened by its escalating case load. Indeed, cases in the docket increased 149.6 percent between 1968 and 1978. Apparently one justice isn't feeling the pressure. This year, Justice John Paul Stevens filed only three law clerks, even though in of the other eight justices have four. And, for the year beginning this June, he's decided to become the only justice in recent history to not back to new clerks. Two are enough to do the work, he has told colleagues.

Contributing Editor Steven Brill writes a fortnightly column on law and lawyers.

Photograph by Andrew Kien

APRIL 11, 1979/22 JUNE 17



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Other sticky cases include nuclear insurance and one judge who ordered a sterilization.

They Told Us Nuclear Power Was Safe

A little noticed suit that officials in the energy industry say could decide the fate of the nation's nuclear power industry was argued in the Supreme Court on March 20. In 1976, a North Carolina citizens' group, afraid of a nuclear power plant planned for their area, got Joseph Nader's Public Citizen Litigation Group to sue in federal district court to overturn the federal Price-Anderson Act. The act limits any company's liability in the event of catastrophic harm from a nuclear accident to \$560 million. Nader's people won the suit. The court overruled Price-Anderson, saying that since nuclear accidents that wiped out an entire community could cause damage far in excess of the \$560 million limit, the act violated the prospect of victims' constitutional rights to due process and equal protection. This left the companies that run the nuclear plants (and that keep selling us electricity) in the embarrassing position of agreeing that accidents are possible and that damages could go much higher than \$560 million. On that basis, they're appealing the decision to the Supreme Court, arguing that if the limit isn't retained they won't be able to take the risk of operating the plants.

If the high court decides against them, the companies claim that Congress responds with some new reauthorization plan that gives contributors no more, they'll have to coughed plans to build new plants and maybe even shut down the ones now operating. The Court decision will be announced before the term ends this June.

An Eye for an Eye Is Not Enough

In 1971, DeKalb County, Indiana, judge Harold Stang took it upon himself to approve a mother's request that she be allowed to have her daughter sterilized without giving the daughter notice or a hearing. (The mother told the judge the girl was promiscuous and slightly retarded.) Three years later, when the girl, now married, found out that the appendectomy she was told she was getting had really been a sterilization, she sued the judge for damages. The judge denied justice, reasoning, a district court judge declared that judge can be held liable for their official acts. He lost, and then lost an appeal to the U.S. Court of Appeals, which held that Stang had no jurisdiction to allow the operation and had to grant immunity as the case would be considered "judicial tyranny."

In the Supreme Court several weeks ago, Stang's lawyer, George Frisch-

smacht, was backed into a corner when he opposed the judicial-immunity claim. Would he claim immunity, he was asked, if Stang had operated the arm of a child abuse parent? Or would this suit a kidnapping because shepherds? Yes, Frischsmacht reluctantly replied.

Greene Injustice at Forest Lane ...

Marshall Grossman, the Century City, California, plaintiff a lawyer who was \$60 million for shareholders sued in the Equity Funding scandal, and who earned himself \$1.9 million in fees in the process, has a lot new class-action suit going against the Forest Lane company.

Forest Lane has been selling funeral "debentures" to people who want to reserve seating places and pay in advance for future mortuary services. According to Grossman, the catch is that if they fail to make any of the required weekly set monthly payments of \$2.15 in the case of Grossman's named client, a disabled divorcee, they lose all that they've already paid in. Equally important, there is a seven percent interest on their debt, which any person increases in the services contracted for between the time of the contract and the time of the funeral must be paid in full when the funeral takes place. (Another small-print provision gives Forest Lane an "irrevocable" right to dig up and cremate bodies that are buried before these added costs are paid, if the estate doesn't pay the difference after ten days' notice.) Also, if the customers do make all the payments, they receive only three percent interest on what they pay in over the years, less a twenty-four-dollar "broker" fee.

Grossman claims that the whole deal amounts to an unconscionable contract that violates a state "open market" funeral law and the federal Investment Company Act of 1940. "It's a fraud," he argues. "These people would do better getting their money in a savings account that earns five percent and is insured. With Forest Lane, at best they get three percent, and they stand a good chance of losing it all for not making the payments on time. Forest Lane gets to use their money to operate their general business, while the buyers don't even get the securities against their investment that you'd expect in a contract like this for future services."

Edward Clayton III, a lawyer for Forest Lane, which has marketed millions of dollars of the debentures since 1953, declined to comment except to say that the debentures program "provides an important social service by enabling individuals to take positive steps before they

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des... to set aside funds for their funeral services.
The case is in the probate discovery stage.

... And Blind Justice at Justice

Daniel Meador, the Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Office for Litigation, is expected to return to the University of Virginia at the end of the year, when his two-year leave of absence from his law professorship expires.

Meador is given generally high marks for the work he is doing designing organizational programs to improve court systems around the country. He's also directed the excellent work his staff has done on a variety of important issues, including the criminal-code reform and a package of streamlined federal regulations aimed at curbing interstate harassment in govt.

All of which sounds like a creative story about a good public servant. Except for one incredible footnote: five months after taking office in 1973 Meador went totally blind. He's since learned to conduct business by having staff members read memos to him. And except for an occasional need to have aides lead him around to meetings, he's adjusted so well that Attorney General Griffin Bell has four times refused to accept the resignation Meador has offered him.

COURT DEVELOPMENTS

The New York Law Journal reports that the appellate division of the New York State Supreme Court (State Department) has upheld the conviction of those charged with robbery, rape, and drug selling even though it turned out that they were defended by a lawyer who was a lawyer. The court divided, three to two, that the defendants' deprivation of their constitutional right to counsel had been "harmless" because their lawyer had been "most effective, knowledgeable, thorough, and highly professional." Albert Silver, who represented the defendants, never attended law school and had been exposed once before as a phony practitioner while serving as the city attorney of Glen Cove, New York.

The two dissenting justices called the majority's decision "disgusting [and] our honorable and insured pursuit."

Silver told me last week that he was "bored" of the court's decision. The dissent, he said, "went off on a tangent. What a really disgusting to the legal profession is the number of incompetent lawyers."

I found Silver by calling directory assistance in Nassau County, where I was told the latest listing is for "Albert Silver, attorney." *

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The water is mid-flooded. The problem is not that he's turning upside down (that's supposed to happen) but that he starts that way.

Mystery of the Eskimo Roll

When a kayaker can't get it up, he's really got a problem on his hands

For you, yes, in perfect circumstances, that I may be the athlete's best kayaker who can't perform the Eskimo roll. It's a point of personal pride. I suppose. It is also a burden.

A kayaker with seven nights of a roll? Imagine a hard-driving Steve Carlton with no curve ball, a Jack Nicklaus who is all drive and no put. Think of the diver who is killed out of the pool after every jump. I am inevitable.

The boat itself is a sleek water dancer deserving something better. The slalom kayak, after all, is not so much a boat as a pulsing extension of the human form. You don't sit in it. You wear it.

"It should feel like an appendage of your body," says kayak master Earl Perry, a threefold slalom champion. The white water is your body, and you make head-on music together. There is no other purpose. A pop-off spray cover seals you at the waist, and every Eskimo and scudhook knows why. The most terrible of all watercraft, the slalom kayak is designed for flipping upside down and, by God, rolling back up again.

The roll is the race gun, the essence, all kayaking. Perry learned that truth and perfected his roll on the rapids near the Fourmile. "If you can't roll," he explains, "there will be a career reference to your relation with the river, a residual question of fear that will lock your legs and freeze your efforts at restorable moments; you will be no more than a man in the water and not a person; you may have power, but you will never have grace."

Or worse. Kayakers also know that as the heaviest water—say, the right corner of Lamo Falls on the Colorado—so near the turbulence outside your boat is to roll

body parts. Some of the largest victims are knees, and you can die before they get you out. The hell with Earl Perry's cliffs in the working river. The hell with grace. Here and there, you can drown.

I knew all that usual pain you get when I bought my silver Hyperform. But I learned the standard strokes, then headed immediately for rolling practice at the sloughs east of the lower American River near Sacramento. Down to the river with me—out again, but with me—dressed then faced Jamie Pickle, a peppy veteran of national slalom competition and a doctored Justice from the summit. We began with simple exercises from a log raft, first with the double-blade kayak paddle, then with a flat board. I paddled all weekend without success, a stripped of dignity, leaving my friends who proposed immediately that I stick up my houseboat. At Paradise Beach, over two hours of Another Season. I fired the trick.

At Jamie's suggestion I moved to quarter water. Alone. I began correct work, and under steady class in the First as High swimming pool. By the second week, small children of the night, almost beyond parental control, the redwood forest, jumping at me as I floated quietly in the moonlight.

The kids loved every minute. With animal faith, I would throw my body sharply to starboard, briefly using the charm of the children before I spun underwater. The slubbery bottom of my boat, I can only assume, flickered in the gloaming. Holding my breath, hanging from the cockpit, I hatched finally, saw and then breaking the surface long enough to hear howls from the sidelines. Although I would expect and wear my kayak back to the edge of the pool. One evening, dipping and under age by protocol, I calculated that my kayaking mainly consist of adding strength to my

seasons lock. I put the roll in oblivion.

There comes a time, after all, to talk it to the moon, to leave the last-back waters of the Eureka Plunge and dive into the serious sea. I rolled to the Storms, and there in the neighborhood of timber and slickrock rapids, something magical happened. My boat and I cultivated a comradeship and elegance together, a season of the lightest ocean.

Over the next year, I mastered nearly all the essential techniques. In the upper American and the Stormsides, I acquired the sweep stroke, the draw, and the roll, and I came to love my hull braces with clump and knock. I learned to read water, during through the laughter of the Yuba River, changing into waves sculptured by logs, waves phantasied, fighting narrow conceptions of wild whirling rapids. I paddled through rock-pierced passages in the Mokelumne. My paddle slight of hand (mostly Duffel strokes, occasionally a crossbow draw) spun me through eddy lines with slowness.

I pivoted. I started the biggest hole, doing the action, along the upstream face of a cascading weir, then balancing dead in the flow, redrawing, giving the force of water against gravity as I leaned some down into the trough. And if I could play, I had arrived. The rivers of the western Sierra slope here witness to my competence and else.

Oh, sure, I suffered an occasional slump, but my seasons lack was rhythmic and sane, and my seasons lack was rhythmic and sane. Then if I had a vein. I looked back at the terrible blur that slipped me, and often enough, some version of the Eskimo roll was even that distant beginning down into the mainline, expanding and losing and. First you use the explosion from the side. Damn! He's dumped into the abyss—there, under the abyss, suspended head down in the for-

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Suddenly I was facing much more of nature's pageantry: it seems I had a rattlesnake trapped.

rest, looking out the bleary landscape, now clanking with his paddle like a frigate's oar. A big, pudgy-headed suddenly leapt up the ship's splashing and splashed out of the hole, blowing along and facing good.

The instant I saw him, even now, sometimes on weekends, I go to the gate river behind my Sacramento apartment and roll and nod. My hip was in a bad, my trunk is positional low, and I keep my head and shoulders down. Theoretically perfect. In reality, I have a very bad back. I have learned to accept my bottom-up float down the dusty river. They know I'm okay under there, that I'm communicating with carp, mussels, psychopods, and the rest of the aquatic life and sea life.

And I must now, when I look at my head up for air, "Don't you let your head on the bottom?" asked a 5'6-inch man from the back. "Careful," I yelled back, with some modesty.

"Am I wearing the hat?" I asked in return. The question was total exchange, calling for a friendly so.

"Yes," he said.

I decided downstream.

I'm, of course, human nature is to come to terms with one's peculiarities. In running the wild mountain rivers, I've even told myself, there may be a certain advantage to a paddle with a soft. You know your limits, and you don't take any chances.

Moreover, an occasional river is free for the take. After you miss your first, you're informed, at least you get to play in the popularity of nature. Nothing in the bottom. I have enjoyed exquisite beaver shots. Chamberlain up rocks to empty my boat. I've traded state with concerned beavers and yellow flowers and watched beavers drink. You see the outdoors up close.

Well, there was that charming hole above Big Bend on the Pit River. I dipped in it, and there was a hole in my jaw and I was rendered in the eddy on the right. Eventually I climbed onto a submerged rock, perched the kayak on a soap bubble, and groped for an excess out of water. Suddenly more of nature's pageantry, a terrifying heat—sucking me making me.

The rattlesnake was trapped. I had boxed him in tight, either at or could be the other. Batten off whirling, he reached his shiver into the present coil, curled back against the granite slab over his in front of my eyes. The wedge spade head gathered in muscular energy, ready to explode.

"Rattlesnake," I panted out. The

knobby head twitched, basking to place him in my face.

I reached backward, whispering into the water. My stomach. "Baaaaahh." I climbed. I looked downstream, desired and steering, tracking my paddle, until I finally fell into a browsing drift through the rapids. Two paddlers, who now said in plenty water, paddled by me in gleaming kayakers. They were wet, hairless, shimmering, apparently fresh from the river. "Everything under control?" the red kayak yelled. I smiled warily, a floating head, arms, legs, and a head of water, and held up a victory fist. The Peace of Mad lives.

But do you ever think? "Do you want to know how it is, Kalamo?" I am your man. More than the dilemmas who mostly choose, I know the measure. I have studied the physics of it, viewed the slow-motion training films, and convinced with a partner. Justice Peltz taught me, and I can teach you.

The basic recovery roll is probably easiest to learn. (Some of the more advanced rolls, such as the screw roll, permit you to surface in better paddling position. But if you want to hear about the screw roll, don't talk to me. And you can't talk to British explorer Gene Weidner, who explored it from Glenwood. Weidner spent playing with his screw roll. But I agree. The trick is the recovery roll is irreducible—it usually works—most of the whole water you'll encounter.

You'll have to listen carefully. Let us say you are kayaking up a river. You're in the back. A Cherry River and down below. You're with someone on the right side of your head downstream. Your body is right against the braces inside the boat. Good. You're in a holding your breath.

First, quickly change your grip on the paddle. Shift your hand toward the left blade. The right blade stays on the paddle shaft. The left hand grabs the top on edge of the left blade first. Move the right blade forward to one o'clock.

Well, again, down, you lean slightly back, sliding the right paddle blade flat along the surface—that's above you, of course—keeping the leading edge slightly raised. You're toward toward the leading paddle and leaning up on it. Then your body.

As that bracing blade acts toward two o'clock, you swing your legs and waist back from left to right, shoving forward and down, leaning up on a connecting motion. The boat is forward. You keep your head and shoulders in the water. It is usual—and the boat rolls up. Now breathe.

Well.

I have seen schoolgirls do it. In

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The Specter of Sterility

Does the falling sperm count mean we are courting chemical genocide?

The problem first came to light last year when some production workers in the Goodland Chemical plant in Lathrop, California, were found to be sterile as a result of exposure to the pesticide DBCP. Various government agencies, including the Environmental Protection Agency and the Food and Drug Administration, cautioned over the case and wound up restricting domestic use of DBCP, which is applied to the soil to kill pests that destroy the roots of certain crops.

Now, the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH), a research agency within H.E.W., broadened the investigation to include other industrial compounds to determine their effects on male fertility. What they found was evidence that other agents might cause a reduction in sperm count. Some scientists involved in the project found scientific literature suggesting that the entire male population may have lower sperm counts today than it did thirty years ago.

The specter of mass sterility is tempered by disagreement among the researchers, of course, and so far, scientists have been confined to a few abstract professional journals. What gives the debate its shimmering urgency, however, is the mounting evidence that the average sperm count among American men has dropped by frightening percentages since a landmark study was done twenty-seven years ago.

The central reference for all researchers and the most critical element in the current controversy is a study published in 1954 by Dr. John MacLeod of Cornell University Medical College. MacLeod's findings are considered by many to be the most comprehensive in the world because of the number of men examined (over 1,000), the number of years they have

been monitored (from 1946 to 1951), and the thoroughness of the procedure. According to the MacLeod model, the average sperm count of American men should be about 100 million per milliliter.

Other findings from the University of Texas and the University of Iowa show that average sperm levels today are considerably below the 100 million range.

The probable causes are chemicals similar to DBCP—herbicides, fungicides, and other pesticides—which are known to decompose very slowly. Presumably they have worked their way up through the food chain and are finally poisoning men. By this logic, the male reproductive process had most certainly been affected by industrial and agricultural poisons associated with modern America for the past thirty to fifty years.

"There is no question in my mind," said Dr. Kenneth Bradford of the Office of Environmental Coordination and Special Programs at NIOSH, in Washington, "but that this is a major problem facing the nation. I would not be surprised, based on the evidence we have looked at so far, to find that the declining sperm count represents a potential sterility threat to the entire male population. We do not know the seriousness of the threat at this time, but the DBCP findings are just the beginning of it."

"What the government must do now," Dr. Bradford continued, "is reassess everything we know about spermogenesis and toxicity, but this time we had better ask the right questions. If you look at fertility in America, for example, it shows a decline in the late Fifties and Sixties which we have always assumed and sometimes charged in American men were responsible for. But if you want facts about the effects of toxins on male fertility are free, it isn't too far-fetched to assume that the birthrate dropped then

because of chemical interference with spermatozoa formation. Had we not that kind of question then, we might be in the fix we're in today."

In 1974, the first American scientist voiced concern over declining sperm levels. The scientist, Dr. R. G. Bunge of the urology department of the University of Iowa College of Medicine, says, "Our study of four hundred physicians here here in Iowa showed an average sperm concentration of twenty to thirty million sperm per milliliter. This is so markedly below MacLeod's study it tended to confirm our suspicion that something had changed in the intervening years."

Dr. Bunge cautions, "This is, obviously, speculation, but the overall decline in sperm concentrations and sperm volume would tend to substantiate an environmental factor to which the entire population has been exposed. I suppose we could blame it on all the herbicides and pesticides flooding our environment, or maybe it's just nature's way of moving back at overpopulation. Some people might say today's deteriorating women are smothering the fellows. I don't have any answers, but whatever the reason, we must conclude that something definitely has happened to spermogenesis since MacLeod's study."

Dr. Bradford laid last year in his professional committee at Carroll. At seventy-five, he continues his involvement in fertility research and is a consultant to the U.S. government and other research establishments overseas. A highly respected and active in various capacities as his lifelong profession, Dr. MacLeod says unhesitatingly, "It may seem like nobody to people today, but my 1951 study still stands correct. My most recent study of fifteen thousand men from 1946 to the present says not completely my contention that the data of the 1951 study is still correct in every way.

With the spotlight on me and my work, it also means that I am right! The first age sperm count on American men is still about one hundred million per milliliter. Anyone who has different readings has mistaken sperm a population at variance with the rest of the culture."

One scientist who has lower figures is Dr. Emil Streibinger, chairman of the Department of Reproductive Medicine and Biology and director of the Specialized Population Research Center at the University of Texas Medical School in Houston. The center studies every aspect of male and female reproduction and has done male fertility and contraceptive research for sixty years.

"Our conclusion about sperm counts," Dr. Streibinger said, "is that the average sperm level may actually be much lower than MacLeod's figure. For example, we recently published a report on five thousand men visiting vacationers who had a seventy-two million average among them. Some had up to five hundred million and some quite a bit less, but the mean is also there is no such thing as a normal sperm count. It appears to fluctuate. And our studies of male fertility show it to be a two-way proposition: a man can be fertile with one woman and quite fertile with another."

If this is true, Dr. Streibinger insisted, then we tend to be at variance with the count on with the ability to inseminate, which appears to be unexplained in the general population.

Caught in the middle of this argument is NIOSH, which, following the DBCP scare, expanded its study of occupational reproductive hazards to women to include the question of toxicological effects on spermatozoa. It is the first major investigation of male fertility in the workplace in America and is headed by Ron Casare, director of the Office of Program Planning and Evaluation at NIOSH.

At this point in time, Streibinger said, "I can't say that our study on the male population means. Certainly the figures we're seeing can suggest a catastrophe. But I'm not able to express that four yet without more evidence than we now lack in this field. I think we'll have to look at all the material and actually see the men before we sound any alarm."

Working out of facilities in Cincinnati, Dr. Channing Meyer, chief of the medical section, Hazard Evaluation Branch at NIOSH, and other government scientists were concerned when the program was expanded last year. "At one point I was very vocal about this," Dr. Meyer admitted, "because if the test data are indeed as serious as today's reports are, we suspect, then we're in big trouble in this country, because these agents are everywhere."

Women and babies rapidly spread that the entire male population may have shifted downward in sperm production

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GETTING AWAY

BY STEPHEN BIRNBAUM



Paradise, 40% Off

Wise vacationers wait for April, when the rates drop at posh resorts

I t has only taken about twelve hundred years for the thousands of vacationers to begin to migrate. Back in the Dark Ages, courtiers and courtiers regularly followed the reigning monarch south for the winter, since Charlemagne and his Holy Roman Empire had the only form of transportation: the embers of those nobles would not accompany him. Physical insurance was necessarily presented to be the surest way of keeping one's property from being transformed into a suburb of Basilea or Metzgerheim.

Even into the Renaissance, it was still considered good form to tag along when the Monarch headed south to escape that once-a-winter chill. Their medieval majesties also tended to be acquiescent, so an exile from court was hardly likely to make a monarch's heart grow fonder. In fact, it was not unknown in those days for "out of sight is more out of life."

Yet the habit of going south in winter survived long after the last real imperial presence had disappeared. In modern times, sporting a mad-western tan has become something of a social necessity: an easily recognizable epidemic badge that socially distinguishes the privileged from the plebeian. Similarly, its history often have made her the very mark of some not so small, forgotten because of the time, with a real estate proliferation of luxurious resorts where duty rates often approximate the cost of the Vietnam war.

But in many, here-to-fore, travelers have begun to learn that there are indeed ways to beat the system. In a sense, necessity was the mother of discovery, for as the number of budget-conscious travelers socially increased, so did the interest in enjoying winter beach-side vacations at less than orbital prices. For many, the subtle solution was the recognition of seasonal price structures.

Stephen Birnbaum is the travel editor of *Esquire* magazine.

The fact is that most of the best travel establishments in tropical locales are seasonal. Underhill—travel is that properly done off these resorts are not that inclusive their frequent presence at or near the stroke of midnight on April 15. The weather up north may still be brutal and the snow may still be three feet high, but the charms will come down. Here at present, the moment that the truly sophisticated traveler begins to shuffle quietly—and also begins checking flight schedules to various tropical island paradises.

Traditionally, the so-called off-season is almost exactly twice as long as the peak season and usually stretches from April 15 to December 15. The specific dates may vary a few days from resort to resort, but virtually every major tropical hotel observes a seasonal deflation. Exceptions occasionally offer a "shoulder" season (usually the periods of late April-May and November-early December), but even in those few instances, appreciable savings are available during the shoulder periods.

And it is not only hotel rates that decrease with the coming of the off-season. Many other rates conform to a seasonal law, and the timing of April 15 often marks a deflation of rental-derived rates that averages about 15 percent. When it comes, the period of the high season usually provides a host of more promotional packages that can include, or fine accommodations, and a host of other money-saving extras. This year, pay particular attention to the packages provided by the luxury REX and GTR. But financial considerations are only part of the story of off-season travel. The destinations themselves actually take on a different, more friendly cast with the passage of the high season holidays, and even the most basic services are performed more efficiently. In theory, off-

season service is identical to that offered during the peak season, but the fact is that the absence of huge, demanding crowds invariably helps much more thoughtful and personal attention. The very same staff that can barely manage to get fresh towels onto the racks during January and February has the time to chat pleasantly during the less chaotic days of April and May. And the very same chef, long as that required overheads for restaurants at the height of the winter crush are now suddenly available without any random shuffling.

It is not only the hotels that benefit from the absence of the high season crowds. Five restaurants, absolutely unbreachable when the professional high rollers are paying out tips large enough to pay off the owner's mortgage, pay just attention to job and me all season. And the food preparation and service are also likely to be best when the chef is required to create only a reasonable number of meals.

The most common concern about off-season travel has to do with weather. The so-called reasoning seems to be that if trends of temperatures are similar, the weather is the same of winter. (One must be absolutely skin-scorching come spring. Absolutely wrong! Not only do temperatures remain in a fairly narrow range throughout the year, but the almost constant presence of trade winds provides a cooling effect. And what about the rainy season? Well, the usual rule is that September is the only month that is more than normally rainy in far as rain is concerned, but there is not even a memory on that. Certainly the periods of late April, May, June, and then October, November, and early December qualify as prime tropical times, when the weather during these months is most reliably superb. So really, enjoying the off-season is the best. I've prepared a table of price com-

Your severance package is often negotiable, so whatever the company offers, ask for more. At this point, you have nothing at all to lose.



En-Chuck, a former top executive of Cadillac's engine and transmission, is "Pete" (Chris E).

Pakish jokes. He is seeking \$500,000 in damages.

Dorothy points out that there are numerous grounds on which a terminated employee can sue his employer. "There is the federal law against age discrimination, for example. And then there are the various state laws. In Michigan, for example, Dorothy has brought suit on such grounds as: violations of minimum employment of economic opportunities; and even what is known as a "toe of outrage" law in the Public-Jack case."

There are no add-ons to the more conventional grounds—sex, mental status, race, religion, and physical disability. (In Michigan, similarly, only in several other states, alcoholism is deemed a disease, and therefore a disability. This, it is not grounds for dismissing an employee.)

Dorothy first got into the business of protecting fired or soon-to-be-fired middle managers a few years ago when he succeeded in turning the job off a Ford employee, who recently, in a big battle, was promoted again.

"It's a shame some people have to come in and pay a fat fee to protect their jobs or to sue a firm that is the way it is now, and I am sure there will be a lot more lawyers doing what I am doing in the future."

Short of litigation, however, there are a lot of things you can do prior to leaving a company that no longer wants you.

If the handwriting is on the wall, for example, there is no sense in scrambling to find a new employer. The best time to find a job is while you still have one. Employed applicants usually get pay increases when they switch jobs. On the other hand, once you are fired it will be common knowledge in no time that you were fired.

The one opportunity to have any influence at all with your ex boss is to be at the precise moment of firing. Unless he has not seen it in his years, it will be an uncomfortable moment for him. He will usually feel guilty—especially since you are probably not being blamed for one right sufficiency. Very seldom is it completely the reason for termination; notice the presence of one executive search firm that does not bother defending yourself or begging to keep your job. If that option were still open, your would have been about it.

Your boss will try to explain the future to all the management levels (regard) by telling you about all the goodies you are getting—the severance and various pay opportunity to take a breather, any profit sharing and retirement benefits, or return to work. In many cases the compensation package you are given when you leave is no more dignified respectable. It is always wise to know what a company's policy is, and to care. Whenever it is, ask for more. Remember, at that point, you have nothing to lose.

In a growing number of cases involving terminations, the company may offer you what is known as "outplacement," either as an add-on to or in lieu of part of your normal compensation. Consider this offer carefully. Outplacement firms are supply personnel agencies that cater to management types. One of the largest firms, Drake-Burn & Associates, with offices in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, and Houston, claims that eighty-five percent of its clients find jobs within five to six months at the same or higher salaries. Another seven percent accept jobs at lower salaries. The typical client is forty to forty-five years old and earns about \$50,000 a year. According to company president Bill Morris, Drake-Burn places about five hundred fifty individual clients each year, as well as advising over eight thousand more of what it deems "strong clients." (If a company folds or division, for example, it might arrange for all its employees to receive some outplacement help.) The individual client is given much more extensive assistance, of course, including a battery of attitude and psychological tests, help in preparing and sending out resumes and covering letters, guidance in handling executive interviews, closing interviews, and so on. For that kind of service, Drake-Burn charges twelve percent of the client's annual salary; the firm's company picks up the tab.

Thus, if you are offered the services of an outplacement firm (others are Tilson, Career Planning Corporation, Challenger, Gray & Christmas Inc., and Fisher, Crawford & Company Inc.), you must have much the service tests. The company has to pay that fee up front. If you don't think you need such counseling, you might be able to negotiate a fee out of part of your own compensation. Conversely, if you know you are going to have a tough time getting rehired, you might negotiate for the company to pay the fee for outplacement even if it is not offered.

Most job-placement experts suggest that once you are on the street, you should branch your job search immediately. Don't take a vacation or undertake something—you always want to keep your resume up to date. Your friends and associates in the industry might help.

But be aware of an important psychological gambit: don't let your friends or family open for you where they work. That can be awkward for both of you. The thing to do is just to ask if they know of openings elsewhere. If they have any request for you at all, they will get the message—and note their own shops for you first. ☐

Photograph from Peter Gey

Why smoke if you don't enjoy it?

Enjoyment's the name of the game. So I smoke Salem. Full, rich flavor. Smooth, fresh menthol. Can't beat 'em. Enjoyment every time.

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The butler did it.

ESQUIRE

Black Berets To the Rescue

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

Terrorism is a weapon of
international politics. How prepared
is the U.S. Army to deal with it?

If your TAT in Rome is hijacked and directed to an obscure African airport and if the hijackers demand ransom from the United States government in return for your life, what will your chances be? How far will Washington go to save you? Will you be rescued? Or rescued? As you wait at a packed airport under armed guard, with the air but and under the underhanded up and failed, the few million your taxpayers are asking will probably seem like a fair price: less than the Pentagon spends on cartoon paper in a year.

But lately most Western nations have used to resist terrorism, to find some way of getting hostages back without paying ransoms. First the Israelis saved an Israeli. Then the Dutch against the South Africans who had hijacked a boat and taken over a school full of kids. Then the Germans at Skopje. Most recently, and with less success, Egyptian commandos rescued a hijacked airliner on Cyprus. The thinking is, of course, that when you pay ransoms, you only encourage more hijackings, which is no doubt valid in the abstract but damned cold comfort to you and your family when you

are sweating it out on the sandy apes of an equatorial nesting.

If your government won't pay, that leaves only rescue at home. Terrorism isn'toriously anti-Semitic. Which leaves faith. Do you pray the government sends men who can get it. Does it have them?

That question was first asked last fall after the West German had succeeded in a spectacular rescue. A Lufthansa 737 had been hijacked by four Palestinians. The plane was flown from airport to airport and finally landed in Somalia. After one landing, the leader of the hijackers shot the pilot of the plane through the face and shot his body down the emergency exit chute. Then, while the leader was still negotiating with the West German government, the leader of a special West German border police unit made their move. On a signal, they blew the doors off the airplane, climbed aboard on breaching ladders, immediately blinded the terrorists with stun grenades, then killed three of them and wounded the fourth, without losing a man or killing a hostage. Jimmy Carter was one of several Western leaders who called West German chieftain Helmut Schmidt with congratulations. A few days later, Bernard Williams of the New York Times asked a Pentagon official if the U.S. had troops capable of

carrying out that sort of mission. Yes, the Pentagon said, and pointed to the Rangers, two six-hundred-man轻步兵 units, one in each coast, ready, even to the question was asked, to go anywhere on a five-hour notice. These brigades, it was added, were made up entirely of volunteers. They trained in desert, jungle, and the Arctic. They could come out of the sky or across a beach. They had rehearsed operations to free captured oil workers, diplomats, and pilots. They could raid nuclear installations and other deep targets and conduct an orderly withdrawal. They were among the finest, best trained, best equipped troops in the world, and they could certainly be called on to rescue hostages if necessary. It all sounded heroic, the way the Pentagon told it. The truth is something less—and something more.

"These men are first-time volunteers," says Lieutenant Colonel Ed Yungo, who is in command of the Rangers when I visit the base. "Every man here volunteered to come into the Army. That's the volunteer for the infantry. That's the volunteer to go to war. That's the volunteer for the Ranger Brigade. I'm not proud of these men. Good, I am." Yungo is an enthusiast who came into

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columnist editor.

Rangers live half the time in swamps. They are proud of the long hours and hard physical work.

the Army part as soon as his football days were over at Youngstown State. "Yeah I used to really enjoy getting out there and making it up. Kneeling down." He served two tours in Vietnam and was wounded both times. He is big and dark with large hands and an honest, one-shoulder smile.

"You know what we are," he says. "We're light infantry. Basic light infantry. This our weapon. We carry big-skinny German tanks. Small, light, maneuverable tanks. Small anti-aircraft machine-guns. Small anti-aircraft missiles. Small anti-aircraft rocket launchers. This our fighting life. We're got men who are qualified in all sorts of foreign weapons and they like to go to foreign lands where they are doing the fighting. We're got men who are doing what we train with in basic Army rifle. Nothing like that these six grandees, the West Germans said. The other grandees, the West Germans said, to think for a minute. The other grandees, the West Germans said, the best of the West German operators by the press. They work like six grandees but they do not think straight. Anyone close to the fact that it temporarily happened, say the other grandees, the West Germans said."

But, the colored pines on, "we wouldn't have the trained pines to use those things. We give a steady breeze of war, but we give a steady breeze of every play, but give on the script and the leaves it in a couple of hours. The more time you give us, the better the performance will be. But we are not going to waste any time here. Here we have to go."

After the Pentagon mentioned the Rangers as the unit that would recruit her, there were reporters crowding Port's apartment for interviews and physical exams. "I was 345 pounds," she says, "and breeding bidders in plain sight. It's possible, since that would have made a better picture. One TV network gave a little tushy on the air when Thingo said it was a good idea to have a woman in the unit, but they just weren't any more up-to-date seinfeld. In the first place, there are too many different kinds of soldiers. You would have plywood surfaces all over the installation and the troops wouldn't be able to walk on them. In the second place, it is a lot more important for people to know what to do with their weapons and how to work as a team. Then when you get a specific mission, if there is time, you can work on the muscle. I don't know if you can be a seinfeld, I hope we'll have time to rehearse what you can do in an air sleep. There's one get a little hairy when you're working live, and you want people to be looking on automatic. But if you don't have time to rehearse, you can't be a seinfeld. And if there's a duplicate of the real thing. And if there's

not time for that—we'll use a round table. Maps. Diagrams. We'll be as well prepared as we can be in the time we're given. That means we don't have time to take somebody out and get him in shape and get him qualified with his weapons when the order comes down. So we work hard on that stuff. Over and over."

That means a lot of days and nights in the Georgia swamps processing the sawmill and all the other small-enterprises. Rolling in the dirt or mud, sleeping in mosquitoes and fire ants. Carrying heavy loads for long distances. The closest thing to exotic is the occasional exercise in rubber boots, tramping out of a helicopter, or swamp.

Sergeant Major Glen Merrill is Iowa, bald, and has a face full of deep creases. His voice is all friction and rough edges. On a rainy payday morning while the troops sit off on errands, we sit in his office drinking coffee and talking.

"You wouldn't believe the way the Army has changed," he says.

Almost every construction with so old sergeant starts with some variation of that line, and Sergeant Major Norell figures I've heard all that. So we talk about the Rangers. "These are great young troops. The best. You don't have the kind of trouble with these kids that you do in the other units. Here, we can kick them out if we don't want them and they can quit if they want to leave."

If a man wants to quit, he has to come see the sergeant major first. "I counsel" them, Merrill says smugly. "Try to understand their problems and so forth. Then I send them over to the Twenty-fourth Division. But you know, we don't cut that many who just come in and quit. Most of the quitters are troops who haven't been there a month. Just out of gym school and looking for glory. All they know about the Rangers is the black boot. Nobody told them about spending all their time in the swamps."

While Mardl and I are drinking coffee, a young corporal in his dress greens knocks on the office door. This is his last day in the Army.

The sergeant major talks to him across twenty years. "You know, I hate to see you do this. We need good men like you. You could do real good in the Army."

The corporal smiles. Half modesty and half indulgence. That he would ever be a lifer is absurd. But how can you explain that to a lifer? 'Thank you, Sergeant Major. But my mind is made up.'

The corporal is twenty years old and has been in the Ranger Battalion for almost all of his three year enlistment. He left college to come in, motivated, like most men who enlist, by a boredom with

insure that it might be biological

It is the ideal of becoming that will inspire you the very country will, but you need to go in different places, for fighting workers, labor leaders, clerks, and a need to learn something—even going! Especially yourself. If it takes college boys who are nothing through Western Civ and plant workers who came closer to the beachhead with each other they can also understand passing lives. The Ranger Battalion is a collection of mostly eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds men with skinned heads and camouflage uniforms who get up at dawn every morning and do an hour of physical training to start the day, which they close off with each member the week

or swamps—who enjoy the cheap thrills of jumping and rappelling from helicopters. . . love it. Need it. They are proud, and the essence of that pride is that they endure—long hours, constant deployments, chickenshit discipline, hard

physical work—and they don't have to. They choose to endure; they can quit

anytime. Most of them get enough of it in two or three years, then go back home to work or even to start a family.

The corporal has done his. "I came here with fifteen guys and only two of us are left. Most of them just didn't want to put up with all the time in the field and all the physical stuff. But I stand it."

Constant training: It goes like this: In a

back of pass off Taylor Creek drop zone. Troops are best off in the high beams of a three-quarter-ton truck, shoring up. It is a careful process. First the man and reserve. Then the heavy-payload roadside along beneath the reserve. Then the M-16 is a carrier carrying bag over the left shoulder. It is a lot of gear and it makes a man over like crane.

The jumpmasters check each man from the helmet down. Once he has been checked, a man can lie down in the para stove and pullies and do his best to

get comfortable. There is a flat green Chinook waiting at the edge of the drop zone. It is a big helicopter, the same model that came in after the initial assaults in Vietnam, bringing supplies and ammunition, then taking out the dead and wounded. Its jets come whirling up in power and its rotors begin to turn over

Two desert troops waddle out to the chopper and disappear up the cargo hatch while the next group beams chiding as it

Right: As Fort Stewart, Georgia, firefighters stand in formation in their black jerseys.



Right: At Fort Stewart, Georgia, Rangers stand in formation in their black berets.

They say they could have handled Entebbe. Now they itch for a chance to show how good they are.

"This is DZ 50, over."

"DZ NCO, we got the first chink landed and they should be up next and over you in a few minutes."

"This is DZ 50, Roger. Out."
Power cavitates all the way up and the troops turn their backs and cover their necks against the blast of sand and dust. Then the noise drops and the men's heads move slowly. Then they stop and the engines are cut.

"Jean Chéri. Every one."

"If they've got a sick bird, let your ass wet it, get it."

"Could I send two choppers out?"

"Sir, the pilot of the aircraft reports a red transmission warning light is lit up. He doesn't know if he really has a mechanical problem or just a malfunction in the warning system. Take about forty-five minutes to find out."

"Okay. You might as well get the troops off that bird."

"Yes sir."

"Somebody ought to go out there and uncrew the damn light so we can get on with this thing."

"Roger that. Don't you know that if they do find out they have a transmission problem, they'll fly their bird home?"

"The troops try to get comfortable as the ground. There is taped white felt over from here."

"You catch that bit about the hospital at Suva Bay?"

"Oh, yeah. Can you believe it? Right in the middle of heart surgery and the electricity goes."

"The doctors had to go over and borrow a generator from the engineers."

"Makes you think these guys might have something when they talk about a movie."

"Let me tell you about this. The day there is a seven for soldiers. I'm going to take off this little grass mat and you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to go to work for the movie. Short it out. Maybe even transfer. Cause I'm from Chicago, and I know how that stuff works."

"Easy for you to say. I got to check into that hospital and get this old leg wound worked on. I'll probably have to stay awake to look the f---k like."

"Sir, the pilot says that the problem is in the warning system and that he's ready to fly."

"Commanding. Land on up."

"Check me, are you free?"

This time the chopper man beautifully, comes down for speed, gives some altitude, and is gone. When it returns, it is all sound, all right—that thick regular throb of the rotors and whirling red spot. It is a dark, still night, and the chopper is the only thing you can see or hear.



Paratroopers in the night vision goggles (L) and jumpers wearing heavy battle equipment.

From the ground, the jumpers appear first as ambiguous shadows against the dark sky. They gradually take shape and each one becomes what it is, in fact, is a paratrooper riding a streamer-knot wind right into the trees.

"Oh, sir. Every one of them is going into the bush. That DZ 50 to move his mark two hundred meters east."

"Yes sir. DZ 50, this is DZ NCO, over."

Halfway down, the jumpers are directly above the trucks. They are still moving well, deeper in, into the trees.

"We're going to be here all night pulling chains out of the goddamned trees."

The jumpers descend slowly, moping. Finally with the five horses. There is the sound of landing brushes as they crash through the tree tops. Then quiet. Then a thin human sound.

"Meds. Meds."

"Commanding. You two men come with me. Let's see if we can find that man."

There are another five or fifteen men left on the chopper waiting to jump so it makes three false passes over the DZ. When they finally jump, half of them land in the truck. The troops on the ground, which is one mile down over there, then, they find danger into the area, some cases, striking branches. Then there is a hard frightening thud, like the sound of a handle dropped from a five-story roof.

"Oh, Jesus."

"Min, that dude got lashed!"

"Come on. Let's go see if he's hurt." The chopper has come around and is on the ground.

As the second load takes off, the first jumpers are struggling on. One man drops his bottle and, vomiting and puking, says to no one, "Why don't these guys just use the tree's? I mean, no point in making it easy for us."

"How loud was that one guy huh?"

"I don't know. Meds was still working on him when I went by."

The man's leg is broken. He waits in the FLA, the ambulance, while the jumpers go on. He may not be the only man who will need it before this night is over.

"I thought I'd made it okay. I came through the top of one tree all right, but just before I hit the ground, I caught the trunk. I could feel the bone break."

After two more false passes, the chopper brings the jumpers down and leaves, low on fuel. The ambulance takes the injured man to the hospital. A detail of men heads into the woods, carrying one to cut procedures out of the past time.

Monday morning it will start again with all its weapons. Then weapons and tactics all over again. Most of these men have never seen combat. They would like for somebody, just once, to fight in American places so that they could show the world that "Rangers lead the way."

"We were all out to go once. Can't tell you where," an ex-Ranger says. "They had to cut on the swamp and they caused two commotions and almost lost control for some guys, and all of a sudden things got real quiet."

Sell the troops went it. And they believe that their skills spent for more like all the hardware in the world. "I'll tell you, those Germans wouldn't have done anything with or without those things if every man hadn't had his shit together. And if those Palestinian hadn't been such bastards. All the mess the talk about is Black Rogers. They got a story about us in US magazine. Says every man carries thirteen thousand-dollar night vision goggles and night scopes. Now even if we had that many of all things, what would each man need both of them for?"

But no matter how confident and eager the Rangers are, it is possible to be very good and still be missing—on this kind of exercise just like any other. Head was lucky at Suva. But French paratroopers also reached a school that had been taken over by Palestinians. The tentacles killed twenty-two children before they were shot. The West German were lucky at Somalia. But in 1972 their sharpshooters who tried to kill the kidnappers of the French Olympic athletes were not so lucky. These were not enough of them and their fire was ragged. The athletes died with the terrorists.

The Rangers are sure they could have handled Entebbe or Somalia. They would, a lot of them, like to prove it. Things being what they are in this world, they will probably just a chance. With their luck. Luck can't be learned and it can't be used. ■

In the Office of Alan Ladd Jr.

BY JEAN VALLEY

Hollywood's hottest executive makes millions for Twentieth Century-Fox by being (most of the time) very, very quiet



Ladd's office in the Fox executive building looks like a comfortable den. Most of the staff was here when I got here," he says.

"**J**ane Fonda just called." Bob Dugan tells his boss. "She's just found about Vanessa Redgrave and that movie she made for the P.L.O. So I'm gonna about the Jewish Defense League's objections, and then after all this will hurt John. She's quite excited and open. She wants to know what the hell is going on."

She'll drive us crazy," says Jay Kantor.

Jean Valley, an *Esquire* cover reporter, reports regularly for the magazine.

"We have to do something," says Dugan. "This could get out of hand."

Alan Ladd Jr. is the boss. It's behind his desk and interest. He will decide this in his own way—quietly. Ladd knows a lot. In fact, that's the first thing people say about him. He is a good listener. His father didn't say much to Sherry, Alan Ladd Jr. doesn't say much either.

The second thing people say about Alan Ladd Jr. is that he makes money. Ladd joined Twentieth Century-Fox Pictures in 1953 as a vice-president for creative affairs. A year later he moved up to

the post of vice-president for worldwide production, and he became president of Twentieth Century-Fox Pictures in August, 1976. He has earned the studio around with the help of such successful films as *The Godfather* (cost. \$2.5 million, film rentals, \$42 million), *Silver Streak* (cost. \$5.5 million, film rentals, \$34 million), and *Romy and Michele's High School Reunion* (cost. \$7 million, film rentals, \$38 million).

But of all, Alan Ladd Jr. has Joe Warr, the highest-paying movie in the motion picture industry. Joe Warr, in some ways, belongs to much to Ladd as

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Ladd: "Did Brando read the script?" Kanter: "He never reads anything except books on Indians."

"And here?" asks Weiss.
"Let's give him a Kane's contract," says Ladd. "Two one-year contracts at the same time."

"And here?" asks Weiss.
"Let's hold up an hour," says Ladd. "I want to think about how a strike hit and see just what happens in Paris."

"And here?" asks Weiss.
"This is a problem," says Ladd. "He is making less money than when he was in the department and he is in the department here. I need to think about this some more."

The meeting goes on. Ladd, who is a character without notes, appears more and more distracted. His daughter Amanda has been going deaf and it is over the hospital this day for an operation. "When something like this happens, you really know when is important. So I don't do all this"—Ladd gestures at his office—"because I don't want to miss it."

Ladd, by all accounts, is a devoted husband and father. He lives in Beverly Hills in, by Hollywood standards, a modest four-bedroom house.

"I worry about being away from my family. This job never let you off the hook. There is never any time to get all back, relax, and enjoy it. The four and a half years I have been at Fox have been the most successful of the company, but I keep wondering about next year. I had the preview. We already have five pictures for 1979. Over the weekends I have to read between sets and right scripts. This past weekend I had to go to a preview. I sit at home every Sunday afternoon and get back after three a.m. This is a very insular position. You just can't keep doing it year after year. You have good years and bad years and it bothers you that you have the bad years. I feel the pressures. The other day I had cramps in my legs. I realized that I had been sitting in this preview as tense as could be, just looking for reactions, hoping the decision is right."

"Sometimes I see a producer making a lot of money and he only has one picture to worry about and I think, He gets home at six and is in bed by ten. It doesn't really irritate me, but then I know a good producer."

"I tried to do much less than any company in life. I worry that my absence will create problems for the kids later on."

That may be, but even so with his daughter in the hospital. He is back before long. Robin Smith has a cup of tea. The browser goes off. Ethel Kennedy would like a print of *The Runaway Pony*. "Sure," says Ladd. Good publicity. Good word of mouth.

When someone asks about an upcoming party, a large one could get a bit

rowdy. Megan suggests no liquor.

"I won't come," Ladd says, smiling. Ladd reads synopses. There are summaries of potential movie scripts. The ones on screen must be recommended. The ones on his paper are good, but not as good as the ones on screen. The press papers contain the comments by the readers and the production executives. Who knows, maybe the next Star Wars is among these.

"I have to go on and out," he says. "Nothing can tell you what will be a good picture. There are, of course, certain rules. There are certain pictures I don't want to make. But we are a public company and we are obliged to make all kinds of movies. I look at things and ask whether they will make money. Goodwin is making money, but I am glad we didn't make that movie. I am glad for Paramount and for Freddie Fields, who started me on this business, but the film makes no money."

With Star Wars I had a feeling, but I was really betting on Lucas. I knew we had a hit, but not a box office phenomenon. You can never predict that. I have a gut reaction. I look myself. Would I like to see this movie? Of course, some surprise you. But if it doesn't work for me I usually don't go with it. I lived in movie business a long time. I worked in a theater picture house all the time. I saw *For Whom the Bell Tolls* twenty-six times. I never understood why people didn't like the movie. I did. I loved the movies of the Thirties and the Forties and I think they work now. What says in 1978 you can't do those? I don't think it's man's emotions have changed that much. *Amelie* is an undisciplined movie in its time.

Ladd always knew he would be in the movie business in some capacity. "I had such passion for the movies." He did some stunt work. He knew he didn't want to be an actor like his father. "There are a million reasons growing up with a famous father. You don't know whether people like you or like who your father is. I guess I was trying to live up to something. I guess in your mind you never really live up to a famous actor father. People always make comparisons. Like you are tall or shorter. I was an agent. I liked the agency business." (Ladd's ex-wife, Sue Carol, was an actress turned agent who knocked down a lot of doors to get jobs for her husband. She continued in the agency business for many years, but almost until Ladd's death.) "If I left here I wouldn't have a question about going back into it."

He contrasts, "I don't think of myself as being particularly quiet. But I guess I am. I don't get hysterical." About a year

ago, however, everything in general—passive, frenzied, uncertain—got to Ladd. He was at home and crashed his fist into the wall. He broke the wall and his wrist.

The doctor insists it seems that Paul Monesky wants the credit in his movie changed from a film by Paul Monesky to "Paul Monesky's *An Uncommon Woman*." "Sure," says Ladd. "It's his movie. It is a credit incident."

Robert Townsend comes in. He has returned from a trip and is being defended. The browser goes off. It is another call from Paris.

"My contract is that we're going to get talked in the final analysis," Ladd says into the phone. "They are not showing good faith. They are just saying, 'Screw you.' We don't have to go but in hand. We are a much larger company than they. It's one way around the way they are playing it. This is no way to start a marriage."

Ladd explains the situation to Townsend and puts Paris on the speaker. He leans back in his chair and reads the *New Yorker* of the Los Angeles Times.

"What would you do if you owned the company?" Townsend asks Paris.

"There is much bad feeling at this point. I am not sure the deal will work," says the voice from Paris.

Ladd looks up from his Times. "Make them one more offer on our terms," he says. "If they don't take it we'll do it on our own. I think this is all a power play and they will come in."

It is as thirty and the boss's office in open. One by one people stop by—they are his people. It is very comfortable. Jay Kanter walks in and moves himself a chair.

"Another Knight is read at Gene Wilder," says Bob D'Amico, infusing press and business gossip. He makes himself a drink. Joe Goldhaber stops by. Gussie Weiss appears. Ladd's daughter Robin stops in. A couple of guys from the legal department walk their heads in. The boss is now receiving phone calls. He will not leave until everyone else has, not all about one p.m. He takes a call.

His Era line. How are you? Paris.

"What? You're only getting sixty-eight cents on the dollar?" Paris. "Heard you signed Kneiffman for eight hundred fifty thousand against ten percent of the profits. Say, six per cent?" Paris.

"We're not a bunch of guys about doing around trying to make a killing." Paris. "Well, thanks. But you know... You can only be Hertz for so long and then you're Amigo." He hangs up. He returns to his seat.

"See. I told you it was boring." ■



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The Way We Live Now: Awards Night



Mother Matthew

FICTION BY ROBERT MINER

The last great secret is finally broken—
the conspiracy of silence about motherhood—
by a mother who is a man

Whenever you think you think, I am a mother. Men don't often get this chance. I know, but I qualify.

And well, I have something to tell. It is about a kind of miracle. It is about a process as final and unbreakable as one who has expressed it has dared to tell the tale. It is about the ending of the state of the species. And it is about that conspiracy of silence called motherhood that women have visited forever upon each new generation of mothers.

Only this mother happened to be a man. And this mother keeps no secrets.

Listen. Here is how it was.

Later.

Later—late late—when you discover for yourself that the world has been lying about children since Adam and Eve. You're supposed to be too stupid to mother. Too proud, overreacted to care. No one tells the truth. Not even the mad-day staff. Have you noticed, for instance, that your children always wake up just as you're about to come? Maybe in the old days that didn't matter. Fathers didn't have children and mothers didn't come.

Tonight it matters. I can't speak for Cindy, my children's assistant to make mother—these days what men do say speak for women—but that other mother, my be cause in prison. I speak for. Why else do you think I'll be talking next like this through the kids' recovery. Finding my glimpse on this glass at dawn night, while my new friend Karen sits alone in my bed down the hall?

It is just that any coming these endless lonely best months have been self-propelled. reflect to us as a broken French verb. Tonight I scheme for the real thing.

Do I go on too much about this? You think it's a trifling matter perhaps. But that is how I am reduced. My children see for myself, on other very proceeding, and I must find for me. I am a soft and gentle man gone woman—hard around the edges.

Besides, coming is the way you get from where you were to where you are. You know?

Robert Miner lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts. This story is excerpted from his first novel, *Mother's Day*, which will be published on May 26, 1983 by Warner's.

My kids are back now, sooting their way through the house all night. That's how I've decided on his sleep, his blood is writhed between his teeth like glass like plastic in the midnight. Times like this the beauty of this child born. It reminds me of what I otherwise forget. I love him helplessly. I should know better. Right now he is some skillful plant, some chattering. Suddenly silence at behind I have to keep my lips. His hair is stuck to his forehead in sweat curls. I reach across his crib to stroke them back. His skin is too cold to the touch.

Suddenly I am not sure he is breathing.

For the nth decade now since I've had him, I stare up at him. Two and a half years of this and you develop preoccupations. I pinch off his nostrils with my left hand. I cover his mouth with my right. He flashes. I relax. He's my firstborn, you know, the one I've had more chances to kill off.

I go bell my way across the nursery to Kenneth's crib. A loose board rattles underfoot. I search for telltale changes in her breathing. She's just nine months old the window and waits her life. She is content to me. You can hear her breathing from the other room, steady and wooden like a metronome. When Thomas was this small he wouldn't float a watch glass with his breathing. I'd have to wake at night to check if he was still alive. Kenneth changes moods. From 3:4 to 4:4 when she's waking up, but now she wakes up quietly despite that loose board back there.

Good thing. If she woke now I could lose my grip. I am a desperate man, I tell you. Last time I managed to lose a woman like this, I almost killed Kenneth for waking up. In the months I've been her mother she's developed fluency among. Last time I was off my head. When she started crying right on cue I separated her as hard to keep from sleeping her skin almost fluted. It's all too easy to choke off that brief, dry life, so tonight nothing must go wrong for my of us. No uncalculated interruptions.

The stars are pressed against the window by Kenneth's crib, glowing analogically. I look down in Kenneth. Her head-washed sky-blue pajamas are grown small for her. They've come an unexpected second hair inside. Exposed and flimsy skin. I reach to touch it lovingly as I never seem to during the day. But I'm afraid my icy hands will wake her. Instead I cuff her to the cradle—shivers another under blanket pulled too high—with one of those miraculously cheerful grin people who don't have children give you.

"If God wanted me to be there
in the delivery room," the man said, "why'd he invent bars?"

Part her crib through the hall and the door to my bedroom I can see my night-light. I pick my way across the nursery like a minotaur. One false move and some booty-drop toy underfoot could crash and blow us all to kingdom come.

Which brings me back to my subject.
Karen's hair glows copper in the night-light. She looks asleep.
"Matt?" It is Karen's scolding premonition in my bed. She snags her eyes open as I tumble on the bed. I just yugged off balance through the doorway to avoid a loose board in the hall. "It's everything all right. Matt? Where'd you go like that?"
"Nothing. Just the kids. Had to check on them, you know?"
"Oh. Ahh! You're cold. Here, give me your hands!" Karen tumbled my clenched fingers and squeezed a pulse at a time on each of her breasts. They felt warm and sleepy except for a wasted left nipple.
"I didn't hear anything, Matt. Were they crying or something?" She shivered as she talked. I suspected her head was going to do a field.

"No. Not crying." Just an wholesomely quiet, I kept thinking. Too quiet. Like nervous is old news.
Poor Karen. She's worried that she did something wrong back there. I had almost gone stopped her upstairs to bed after dinner, so anxious to lose myself in an adult body for a change. Karen had been anxious herself. She'd borrowed money for a baby-sitter. So dinner, though great, had been almost a hectic farewell.

Upstairs in my meticulously tidied room—I'd had it scrubbed like a altar—we had grappled, clicked together like magnets, then pushed apart again and again to look just to look. Then, playing by these rules Karen hasn't found out yet for herself, I had reached out of what threatened to be a terminal coyness in readiness with me in my need, to still breathing and suspended into the nursery across the hall.

"Here sideways, away from me, Karen. Yeah, like that. I need to curl myself around you. I need the heat." She flinched at my cold, then pushed back against me to show she hadn't meant it.
"Karen, Karen. It's just bed!"
"No, I sort of like it, even. You feel like powder or something. Here, and her voice united in the dark. "Let me push you up a bit."

My began a fluid, rocking swing of her legs that quickly broke into my nudging. This is the baby, you see, Karen. The way I've figured it, with kids you can't let yourself go—or come—into soon. You can't get forward, else you're lost. The squish woke them and you drown.

But Karen was rocking me off guard, endlessly. For the first time in months only this fresh and blood-red material—not the rest of it there in the nursery. Tonight, I began to see myself. Finally tonight they'll sleep the sickness through. Not like those botched, numb-broke others.

I suppose I shouldn't talk like this about a fellow mother, but Karen has an *on*—there's just no other word for it—to that Michigan. The first time we met I was afraid I would harm a woman, I tried to hurt. Somehow it reminded me of Saint Paul. When I thought about her later—when I thought about it—I kept hearing him, magnanimous to the Corinthians about it being better to marry than to burn. Only the burning seemed to apply, though I might have offered marriage, you seldom find, but it had been those days among friends. New rules for new dangers. Abandoned mothers should and who wants to marry one like me, with no money and two squalling blood-sucking appendices? Who, indeed? Especially if the son here it for free without the complications.

So I burned, as it were, for that age. And Karen always knowing I'm available. Here in my forsaken country house, a little

half bed down by my exiles in a mother cradled by her list.

People on the street look at me. Women especially give you this quick appraiser's look. Then they watch the kids again and give you a second sideways look, heads cocked like chickens, to determine if you're that person, that child-bearer and kidnapper they know is out there.

Those looks are why I keep myself scrupulous in public, a Jewish Circle man. Never look too young or old, is the secret. Never wear a mustache. If you can't look good, look stern. Jews are not worn by such men, who also share heavily.

Once at the beginning, months ago, I had to go out with a sick baby for some medicine. I had to drink down the sidewalk like a man because of looks I got. I broadened with like an underwear. That was my first and I had to be careful to hold him coked on a hip. I carried him around like a bag of wet potatoes, at least a long, as if I could be a dog on me.

Clearly I wasn't his mother that day. Only by neglecting my maternal obligations did women fail to nurse me in. I did see one woman approach a cup. I thought she pointed in my direction but nothing happened. I was probably invisible to her, being, unthinkable. Only mothers run around with sick babies.

Ever see a fireman put out a two-childer on a fire? You get down the staircase for a fire head on the top pull up, above the ambulatory kid had a enough to get him up the stairs. He falls, of course, pathetic and scared you pushed him so hard. People behind you sigh and shove forward. The fireman comes like a grasper, clicking to the change machine. You reach and wrench the kid upright by his flannel arms, shove and lift him delicately all he's perched by the fire machine. The machine now has people leaning on it as you reach back, then half yourself, the baby, and the leg above. You're wedged awkward at the top of the hot steps, scrambling for change you could have ready because you had no fire head. The door slams shut, the fire hatches off. The smoking kid flicks down the aisle, tumbling, as one new kid for him—(it's his mother's help) to the back. You push in the fire off balance yourself, hinge for the window looking by the steps, and telephone down the aisle after the kid, holding the baby, hoping you won't fall. People are waiting because if you're discomposing their train's come.

A disoriented, marginally female senior citizen has struggled to her come to make a seat. You crumple into the aisle. You look at her, having at the kid to get up off the floor. The baby's shoes grace your neighbor's sleeve. You are looking at your own shoes. People work hard to tug over the aisle as they rush the still every step. It's hard to cry because you are squeezing her instead of being held at them. You try to make comforting noises to her, *available in public*. You smile endorses in her like Aunt Jenna and watch a woman, father's reflection from some jilted children face across the aisle.

I must have did off and sleep again because I am suddenly aware that Karen is with me on, her knees tucked high into my armpits. She is so thorough. She is shivering again but this time not from the cold. She seems pleased with me somehow. She seems to have so much time. Finally, I guess, because she's in her last behavior, still worried why I left before.

The pain above my hearing, you see, is that during the last months alone with it I've learned a thing or two. Such as the strings of coming.

Nobody I know of talks about it, nobody tells you. I think they think it's not supposed to happen. Maybe once it won't. Maybe in that strange time when parents had a broken mate and coming was the last of all it needs. These notes have poured, of course, but people still seem to think there's something radical about a



The baby chattering in Armenian, I'd lovingly rub his cool face against my afternoon stubble.

certified parent, kiddies in tow, trailing for some more midlife-on-prostitution. There is. Especially the hectic and expensive, the latter qualifying for any sense of unencumbered selfish childhood fun. Single parents/hoods are one miserable extended day lamp.

I have learned that the parent who lives the briefest lives with them has to watch himself. There is a kind of equal children time in immediately. A concentration on the self. Coming is such a signal. Not that there's been much of it, but whenever it has happened I mean whenever it is about to happen. I suppose they sleep rest perfectly white with come that soon them off. Parents are used to some something like this. I don't panic. After hours of premeditated anxiety the kids would finally surrender themselves to sleep. Then just as you were serving dinner the kids would start to squall, surgically on cue. That was in the late, the time of the cow. No longer. No parents have dinner anymore now. I suspect it must be vintage bedtime. And that the dinner not the climax of the evening, the ultimate do not wake to it. They wait.

When I first met Cindy, the tits on her were a factor, yes, as



was the laugh and easy elegance. Fine robust hair, cool to the touch, not a firm long body that glided as she walked. In other words, I'd found myself a focus for the busy lawless of being twenty-five. And some kudos for the tormented parent succumbers of graduate school.

Cindy never took anything seriously, seeming to my eyes preformed in her adoration, listening and laughing to my tales of school, straining to have known it all already.

One thing she didn't know was how much someone in that silence would a baby. She didn't find that out till she'd experienced it in a hospital room. She was there and found her back from her doctor one morning, distracted.

"Well," I remember Cindy saying, "I think we're ready. Don't you?"

"I don't know, Max. I really don't know. It could always get back later to finish up, I guess. Maybe I'd even like it better that. Think my scholarship'd still be good?"

Ah, what a wonderful ad? I thought I made in those days. There were no awards. TD read the features, the major tales, the minutiae. I knew about priorities. & P.D. be damned, that was real life and in real life you make the human decision—right?

Humble, of course, as well. We now must embrace our responsibilities. No boundaries or cuts need apply.

"And besides, Cindy, maybe it's time we get going. We aren't minors, for Christ's sake. I can finish graduate school and you can celebrate the future. Our future."

I believe my brain mutated during that speech. I remember listening, seeing as I talked, smiling gently to myself at the wondrous words. We wouldn't be like those couples before us. No hunk, no-misleading words. No family emperors. No conclusions. Kitchen clinic. You don't destroy life just because it might be inconvenient. Yes, now there it have to be money for baby-sitters, we'd have to postpone lunching in Europe, but then having babies was what grown-ups did, like giving dinner parties.

I was greedy. I wanted part of everything. Cindy had no milk for days so I helped feed formula. When they came home I did every other feeding at night. I wanted that. I held the baby when it coughed and cried and poked and nuzzled and purpled and wheeled like a dolphin. Sometimes I fell asleep feeding the baby.

Sometimes the baby fell asleep, and I watched him snore at the ultimate throbbing machinery, working, working when there was nothing substantial to keep it going.

Spring days that I didn't touch or have sex, I walked with Thomas. Cindy would sleep. I would perch Thomas in the back corner and hike. You couldn't see the baby up there behind you but you could feel him warm against your back, nuzzling, and soon falling asleep, bumping gently against you with each step.

We lived on the edge of old woods and I walked for hours some afternoon through the pines and scrub oaks to a long dirt lake that in winter had deer tracks across it in the snow like perfect lines. I remember sitting on a rock in the sun one hot blue spring day, watching a striped gray snake work off his skin against a fallen pine. Thomas slept the whole time and I have never felt quieter in my life.

I will space us as much of this as possible. Already I haven't told you of my father's telegram home when Thomas was born. Or about my skinhead strutting at school when my colleagues heard about the baby.

And there were endless scenes, uncalculating awe, of Max and Cindy cooing in unison over the cradle, poking and rocking like

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Winston Lights Winston Light 100's

Increasingly, I began to feel

I had to do everything at home and still work to pay for it.

perks.

Shudder if you like. I do.

If it hadn't been the Sixties, I might never have taken the necessary risks. A few years earlier and I'd have left Thomas to Cindy. A few years earlier and Cindy wouldn't have known any better. We might have survived—if that is not too grand a word for ignorance perpetrated. But in the Sixties you were expected to liberate yourself from such ignorance.

New opportunities meant new risks. Mothering, for instance, is contagious and I spent more time with Thomas than I should have. Matt must be protected from overexposure by their work. But I was home far days at a time between classes, then constantly through that first summer.

I studied with Thomas, the baby cradled in one elbow, a clipboard in the other. I'd wait for Cindy to go to bed, then haul Thomas from his crib for warmth and company while I read late into the night. Thomas would sleep propped up next to me or in an old overhauled green rocker, waking from time to time to nurse sweetly or bubble at me or drink noisily from his bottle.

At first Cindy seemed pleased with my attention to Thomas

in strange anatomy. Matt Lisa tented. I learned to relax a baby by carrying it. I found myself secretly touching parts of Thomas I'd never imagined I could.

You speak to babies with your hands, and I became fluent and unashamed. So much touching, so much naked tactile honesty became profound relief—a living syntax of feeling always before mate. Before Thomas was born I worried that feelings for a male child might be consciously homosexual—that a boy abstract men are brought up to be. Now as I kissed Thomas' body, nibbling and nuzzling him into shrieks of pleased laughter, I thought only that baby skin smelled so clean as pebbles in a stream.

There was a day in November when I got back from work early. Cindy was tired and Thomas had been in his playpen, screaming, when I came in the door. In a rush of affection and sympathy mixed with indignation at Cindy's indifference, I scooped Thomas from his playpen and started nursing him high into the air. Thomas was first scared, then screaming with delight, drinking and sucking. His eyes shined with relief and trust. I caught Cindy looking on—concerned at me.



She said my coming home between classes was a relief from the unexpected stress. "I seem to carry him more now," Cindy said, "than when I was pregnant. How can that be?"
"Maybe it's because he rests when he's not working. We work."

But that work, even the most mental of baby chores, was time to me after the mental boredom of graduate school. Besides, one of those things nobody tells to a first child: earn their way. Maybe women don't notice—they expect it—but tend a baby and you reconstitute your responses. Values are strange reflective creatures whose effect is mutagenic. Told them enough and you develop new molecules, new glands.

Before, I'd always found babies tedious. That disgusting smell, that awkward, floppy helplessness, that obscene urgency. It was a surprise to me why women home in on these creatures, why they cooed and gazed over them the way they do nothing else. Some helpless infantile closet part of me resonated in who weren't they cooing and gazing over me?

Pressing the flesh was of it took. Caring for Thomas only a few weeks, I gave one possibility of intimacy. Caring for babies is a physical language. No wonder no one could tell. I caught myself

"Cindy? What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Nothing. Was outside a, though, throwing her around like that. We've been sick all day. And if she just stays you get to clean it up. Understand?"

I don't think I did understand till just recently, when I felt some of the same anger Cindy did. One of my effective single women friends. You don't need help with the kid—must realize you think you're on it—but you resist doing what of the work that nothing instances else give her the play you had—have time for. And you resist the way the kid loves that person, unashamedly, unapologetically, and doesn't even notice you are there.

The more I had to work, the more Cindy withdrew. The more I involved myself with Thomas, the more Cindy resented me. The more she resented, the more critical of her I became.

Increasingly, Thomas seemed to be witnessing when I got back from work. Or when I had repeat work at home. Cindy couldn't seem to keep him close anymore. His playpen and crib crowded with screams, filthy toys, and soiled sheets. There was food everywhere in the house. His clothes were always filthy. He needed to be changed. I came to find that I had to do everything at home and still be the one working to pay for it all.

Cindy finally said the obvious, after a desperate argument about the mess and the unpaid bills.

Incredibly, though, in June we decided to have another child. Thomas started a playmate. As only child grown up word, the books said.

There was really a more pressing reason for having another baby, but Cindy and I never saw it. How could we? You have a baby—or buy a new house—when your marriage is failing. Then you live happily ever after.

We needed a lot more for a while after that. Cindy took her temperature each day to crib the evolution. Lovemaking on schedule seemed clinical and delicious at the same time. Like those adolescent fixations about doctor's examinations.

But the pregnancy became painful. In its last two months I was not permitted a whole night's sleep. Cindy gained forty pounds and her back ached convulsively. I spent hours each night rubbing it, fighting across spaces of sleep. I often fell asleep between strokes, dreaming I still rebbed, only to wake with a jolt and find Cindy sobbing quietly at my selfish narcissism. Twice during the pregnancy Cindy had profusely wet sheets, sometimes in bed during intercourse. Her biology may have known better than she did.



Thomas cried for the last three months straight. Or so it seemed to me, who always found him in his crib, or locked in his room, when I rubbed back from work. Cindy would be asleep or lying exhausted on the couch. Thomas would be screaming spontaneously, peeing and wetting with tears.

Something about this I stopped trying to make sense of. It began to feel as if something had happened. I would grab aspirin and give Thomas, soothing and distracting him, bringing him cups of milkshakes or cookies to keep crying. I continued to bus-travel away from the house each day, handling Thomas on outdoor clothes and disappearing with him for hours. Often we would just park the car by some woods and walk. Thomas clattering in what now sounded like Armines while I rooked him up my ass and riddled his cool five against my afternoon stabble. I began to stop most of my returns. Cindy wanted to lead. I tried to comfort her but each time became enraged for reasons I couldn't place. We had better arguments about what Thomas should be allowed to do. Thomas would look on, crying at the hard words, crying when someone threw things, crying at my sudden menacing quiet voice.

When Cindy managed I slept alone. Usually I took Thomas to

bed with me, rocking him to sleep, soothing, circling on both. If I woke at night and heard Cindy pacing slowly around the room, or crying quietly to herself, I would force myself to go into her room and offer help. Usually I fell asleep before I could do much good, only to be awakened again and again by Cindy's moans. Sometimes, rubbing her back, exploring the muscles with my hands, I found myself cradling with unexpressed love and longing for her.

"Cindy?" I would whisper. "Are you awake? You feel delicious, you know?"

"No, Matt. No. I feel really empty. That's how I feel." By the time Katrina was born only I remained for Cindy to say the obvious, which she did one day, eight weeks later, after a desperate argument that seemed to have something to do with my refusal to give Ph. D. classes, the unpaid bills, and the mess in the living room.

Katrina was born premature, a tiny waterlogged infant in a plastic bubble when I first saw her. Cindy had wanted full assurance—much to the satisfaction of the hospital staff. They were led, the

nurse told me, of all these people pretending they knew a better way. I spent several hours in the fathers' waiting room with a baby case in his fannies whose wife was having her fourth. No. As if never been in the delivery room, that's for sure. "If God had intended men to be in the delivery room," he laughed, "he wouldn't have invented beer."

Cindy stayed at the hospital ten days. The nurses fed the baby, even after it was out of the incubator. Cindy felt mostly sick, sad, and, and she was afraid she'd give the baby some disease. I wanted to take Thomas to see Katrina but the hospital wouldn't allow it.

I rush over the next because they just didn't tell. Cindy returned with Katrina, coped with the same kind of abusive appliance—abstinent, efficient, distant. She was suddenly too close with Thomas and me, silent and mechanical with Katrina. I noticed that she spoke very quietly, even when she was angry—which was often. Within days of her return she cleaned everything, washed under the radiator where kids' feet of food had grown from Thomas' sootings. She stripped all the beds and washed them down. The nursery washed constantly at night. Once I woke at night to find her leaving shoes in the

I frost my pumpkin by the crib, while my new friend Karen shivers in my bedroom down the hall.

about. She had turned on all the lights in the room and was methodically spraying each pair.

"Chast, Cindy! What the hell?"
"It's okay, Matt. Go back to sleep." She spoke very quietly. "I'm done."

Two days later she was picking to leave. The apartment had begun because I said I had to spend the day in the library for my own in meagre poetry. She had announced calmly that I would have to make the beds or get someone to stay with them. She was not being up to it.

"You're never feeling up to it anymore."
"I guess you're right, Matt. I guess so."
"Goodnight Cindy, I've got to go today. You have to cope. You have to."

"I can't wait."
"You can't. You can't. You can't seem to do anything anymore. The problem living room is swimming in all the time you can't seem to do TV Guide's Kluge. Astray. Yesterday I found Thomas drawing circles on the floor in cubes and old hats."



"Matt—"
"You've got to help. Now, first—"
"MATT! Listen one minute. You never listen but listen. This is over this. Thomas is your child and Katrina is your child and the Ph. D. is your idea and cleaning up the kitchen is your idea. You do all this as good as you will and I'm not good at any of it. I am always tired and you always fail of energy."

She stopped to catch her breath. Her eyes were dry but the cheeks were purple and her face was an intense glaring gray like the light before summer electric storms. She had been sitting on the window ledge next to Katrina's crib but now she was walking toward the hall door where I stood holding a handful of diapers in one hand and a large safety pin in the other. The head of the safety pin was blue with a white butterfly pinned on it.

"It was your idea, Matt. You don't do it well, then. You want all of this, Matt. Well, take it. Now you can do it just right. Your way."

I'd like to say it was shock kept me quiet during that speech, but it wasn't. It was relief. And talk at the relief, like you find when someone wills dies.

That was four months ago. A life ago. In nuclear physics there

is a phenomenon called the Curator effect. Radioactive material stored underwater gives off some rose colored light. Radioactivity is decay, energy, that moves water molecules to find they glow. When I look back on those last months of this marriage I see it outlined in rose. It's more like somebody else's marriage, really—intense molecular activity, underwater.

Events are very empty times now. I haven't experienced energy like last four months. I think Cindy took the last of it away with her in those two glad days that day. Since then there has been fatigue, despair, anger. Never energy.

No, that's not quite true. For some days after she left I felt a kind of furious strength, probably stood-up righteousness, indignation, and satisfaction. But that passed.

I don't know how long Karen has been marinating. Perhaps I've been asleep again. She pretends not to have noticed. I have been lying on my back, stroke and paralysis like a cobra—offering nothing, self-regard and like a child. She plays with make a mother with a baby—crying, soothing. My arousal is ordering to her like this.

You could tell her by her touch even in some unthinkable paradise with more than one marinating woman. She has a way with a mother. She knows it. She's a present in my mind instead of this very girl who can threaten to become. I am involved with love for her now, what feels like sacramental love, even though I barely know her. This is the second time we've been so tied together and have never had a chance to talk. Kids born in the.

Seasons in spring, just after Cindy left, was the first time we were born together. I remember Karen wore grey flannel pants that day, very plain, and no air of imminent summer. We had met by dryer number we saw day—the way dog people meet on city street corners—and promptly coaxed up the trail in her face; our children needed plagues. All the while we carried each other like overgrown cocker spaniels.

Days later she was driving up the long dirt road out here, past the stunted apple orchard, to the new house I share with someone else. The house is split in half by ancient doors and lately by a mutual contempt. I have them for their early nuclear angers, that bowless union of proper form. We stay there for desecration. Shitless arguments, for example, the war like code the dairy

The chair icy to my naked back, unmanned, I want to cry for all my conflicted maternal woes.

wake of Karen's best-of-pelvic Pasternak. Inside, two kids peering from its windows at two kids here on the porch holding me so I fit gently-force winds.

In autumn the kids had bonded like two sisters of Eposy, forming a nearly translucent alliance almost scary in its intensity. Two babies and two-month-two-year-olds. "Play" is an easy euphemism applied to children, but for sure it seemed almost a malicious joke. Cuts and bruises blossomed, especially on the babies' faces near the eyes. Then the two-year-olds settled steadily into the systematic destruction of toys.

It became afternoon and the children were crying. Karen and I were paralyzed with fatigue and weariness down. Between us we had pressed two thousand pounds that afternoon, heaving and hauling screaming children. Now the postage had slowed down, the babies settled into holes of quiet or despair, the other two from locomotion in their body movements. Like mothers Karen and I had wheeled and typed climbed the stairs to my bedroom.

I had tucked her down on the bed that afternoon, finger to my lips, and stroked through my mothers like a puppet. I did the bottom end, and the heads, but from experience on. Karen had started at like a ship, sleeping each week at the post. She could make you feel mental sin, then warms, and now this evening, remembering, I am asking like a true home.

She slides over me now, warm across my solar plexus. I try to move and she gestures me still. This won't do, I keep wanting to say. I've done nothing for her. If she doesn't stop now I'm going to decide inside her mind that helplessly realize. I know it.

She goes me hard up inside her, losing my precious control. I try to think up horrors—the neighbor drowning puppies when I was a kid, a friend impaled on his morning column, crib death—anything to quiet this snowball roll to climax. Karen won't return. I know, if this is all she gets, it's happened before.

Karen enjoys my agony and insists it run to watch. I am severely hating my tongue but nothing helps. My breath's won't come. Maybe this is cardiac arrest. I am thinking my head back and forth on the pillow, sucking blood from my revived tongue. I am trying to push Karen off me, to save the day, when I hear it. Detect, clutch, ice. In her crib Karen has begun to snore up a storm, like a snore. It will take perhaps a minute, then she will be awake enough to make it work. Karen forgets at my new euphoria. I don't think she can have heard a jet. Maybe she thinks it's snoring, or had that been a jet. I am backing out from under her. She is strong buffed at me.

In thirty seconds Karen will get that scream out. It will wake Thomas. They will back equal, taking turns as I try to shut that up one, then the other. God damn them. God damn children.

I calculate it takes me three giant steps to get to Karen's crib. I reach her from the mattress, almost wrenching off arms that I snuck through the door. I start running for the door to the hall, holding her head close to my neck so she can't get out that damn screen.

The Fisher Price Play Family School. I guess it was, got me. I heard that object felt like home on it. I thought I'd measured every obstacle before I went to bed last night, too tired and bored as I was to pick any of them up. Now the play school smashes against the dresser. I've got a sneaky of John—through the cracks and from the left of the doorway. I think back at the other crib and Thomas claps his eyes wide open like a doll, then rolls over for a better look through the bars of his crib.

Maybe he hasn't bonded yet, maybe he's still a parting soul. I ignore him and Google the black shoe inches on the door. He's still making noise yet. There's still a chance. Sometimes he does this—sits up wide-eyed, then slides back to sleep. But now he gets himself back upright, facilitates clicking over in his eyes like

symbols in a one-armed hand.

I have Karen on one hip, trying to smooth Thomas' hair, talking quietly to him as I have since I did my genetic and soft-shoe back toward his bed. I am squeezing Karen's so she won't make a sound. I give Thomas his blanket, which he dropped when he sat up. In this border is wet and warm from being in his mouth.

"Here's your minute. No-o-o minute. Thomas, one minute." He just sits there, staring at me. Something in my voice gave me only a minute, something urgent pulling on the cords. I tried to keep it neutral but Thomas wasn't fooled. He looks at me now, approved, and there are tears in his eyes moment with me.

"There, Matt. I want you, Matt."

"Go back to sleep. Lie down, Thomas. I'll bring some juice after you go back to sleep, okay?" Tonight he is not falling for that, and the big quiet tears begin to spill faster. He is a minute he will start crying hard, in sprints, and the exercise from that will wake him up far good.

"Okay, Thomas. I'll get you juice right now. Stay here. Right here. I'll be back. Lie down."

I am reaching for the staircase, moving Karen to the other hip so I can clutch the handle. She rises, not loosening down the sitters holding breaths of my skin like a baby clamp. I take the stairs two at a time trying to remember when the stairs were, where I left that pile of downstairs dirty laundry last night. For months now I've promised myself a night-light on the stairs. Karen's head is in the hallway, right in the front so that fumbling blind for them like now I won't knock things on the floor. Now we are moving back up the stairs, Karen's neck silent on her bottle.

I give Thomas his Thomas Tupper cup, which has a little plastic spout with holes so that he can't spit everything out. It seems he's been trying to crawl out of his crib and I had shoved him sharply back in with my knee when I got him. I felt my ass clanging with rage.

"Stay in there!" I hiss at him. My voice is repeated again. I shove the cup at last eyes and he drops it, soiled. The tears are welter on his face. Then I am desperately patting his head. "There, sorry, Thomas. You're a sleepy boy. It's time to sleep in, you're tired. Please go to sleep."

Karen's bottle is already moving out. I was too distracted last night to make it second. Now there's no chance of proping her back in bed to suck herself to sleep. The blanket with its ruffles, coming out of control to myself—headaches, vertigo, vertigo. And I am getting cold, naked to the spotlight. Karen is already wet, sucking hot sweetness through her sleepers when agents my skin.

Thomas gave me a mental look of pain and righteousness. A second ago, poked his blanket back into his mouth and lay back strong at the ceiling through his shiny curls. Karen has begun to wiggle off the nipple every time I stick it back in her mouth. Now she drags the bottle on the floor. She looks rebuffed and begins to breathe strange exhalations.

We are rocking on the rocking chair. Karen and me. The chair was my to my naked back and I jumped up when I first collapsed down. Now I have used back on it, my jaw set, and it is warming up. Karen is struggling close for warmth, watching the rain go up and down outside the window in my neck. She is inside and warm and utterly content.

The door keeps moving up and down outside the window, growling, but I am hugging Karen's neck, then kissing her so fiercely she looks it me surprised. I am cold and numb, limp, numb, numb, numb. And I'm squeezing back and forth and wanting to cry like Thomas for all my conflicted maternal woes.



Living with Oscar: Oscar Peterson (top) on his role in *The Philadelphia Story* (1940). His father (left) in a deep sleep and his mother (right) on something, real or fake. Oscar stayed in the shadows of his father's glow until he died twenty years later.

Oscar at Fifty

HOLLYWOOD BY PETER BOGDANOVICH

"... it didn't mean this big deal at the bawx office.
It was just a lotta friends givin' out some little prizes"

Six years back, when Cary Grant and Bette Davis were getting divorced, a perhaps apocryphal story appeared in the scandal sheets as an extreme example of Grant's supposed irrationality. Caution called to the judge Cary's father, for anybody who can avoid going to the actual referee itself—and in recent years more and more film people

yearly habit of sitting in front of the tribune during the Academy Award ceremony and automatically shouting off the participants. This item too or not, may have amused nearly everyone in Hollywood, since nearly everyone in Hollywood does precisely the same thing. Indeed, for anybody who can avoid going to the actual referee itself—and in recent years more and more film people

have found this possible—having a TV dinner as you decorate the winners and losers on the tube has become an almost eagerly awaited ritual.

The odd thing is that from all accounts, when the Academy Awards began in 1929, they were conducted in a spirit of fun and informality, something that has virtually disappeared from the event except when it is observed in the



Closeted Away Christa Leachman, who got her Oscar for *The Last Picture Show* (1971), got it even temporarily in her own closet next to her four Oscars while she was working on restoring her house four years ago. Oscar is still there today.



Unburied Treasure Frank Capra's four Oscars "has to be made out of chrome gold" due to how they represent "a great

trouble. King Tut is all his glory were had even one of these," he says. "They're really something you can take with you."



Comic Comeback George Burns got his Oscar for *The Singing Brag* (1935). "It's nice to be nominated, but if you win it's even better. It's a real thing to win more than a stand-up comic; you get to sit and do it again and it's right."



Oscar Octet Edith Head's style Oscars, which she got for costume design, are all kept up in her office. "In people will be impressed and be nice to me and always wear beige and white because it goes so well with Oscar gold," she says.



Leaning on It Aud Hepburn holds of herself as a piece of man. The Oscar he received for *His Holiday in Monte Carlo*

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961) holds up his book. "It was a great to be the happiest solution I could come up with," he explains.



Heart of the Matter Aud Hepburn keeps the Oscar he got for *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961) "close to my heart," and in the bar room of his Bel Air mansion. Next to his German Renaissance paintings, his memorabilia, and his wife's collection of antique glass.



Fifty-Year Mark John Wayne's Oscar, which he received for *True Grit* (1969), is the "most prominent award in my 50 years of hard work," and stands next to a bust that evokes a sample of all he's developed from coal shovels, nabobs, and old men.

prince of individual houses. "They used to have it down at the old Crescent Garage," Jimmy Stewart still remembers. "You'd have a car and a door-to-door salesman would come and knock on the whole thing like, 'I was just ... I was a party. Nobody ... look at all that stuff.' I mean, it was small if you were because your friends were giving it to you, but it didn't mean showing deal at the bank office or anything. It was ... it was just shows friends gather together and tell some jokes and partner loaded and give out some little prizes—the things they handed out were a lot smaller those days. My guess is like there was no percentage or anything like that."

Cory Green corroborated this to me recently: "It was a private affair, you see—no television, of course, no media even—just a group of friends giving each other a party. Because, you know, there is something a little embarrassing about all these wealthy people publicly congratulating

such other. When it began, we talked ourselves. All right, Freddie Match; we'd say, 'you know you're carrying a million dollars—now come on up and get your life saved for \$10'."

The alleged origin of the word's new meaning is also indicated by a 1930s cartoonist's interpretation. The story goes that the moral end of the vaudeville show came rattle, it's a naked girl with a sword resembled Betty Davis of the one as an actress named Oscar, and she didn't mention the resemblance. Had to be entirely serious, then, about a parody of the word.

But a lot of frivolous things have been named into action, so the word that first went to the German actor Fritz Langens in 1939 the second two that year, for performance in two silent films, *The Way of the Cross* and *The Last Command*, involved such a lot of things that it was not used, but moved. By the end of World

son II, in fact, Aungmye himself. Based on those data who he surveyed it Hsueh returned to Germany with the coming of summer, Aungmye then stayed there on his way to Heller's cathedral area. The story goes that when the Americans marched into Berlin, they encountered a man who was dressed in a military uniform, wearing trousers that were a blood-soaked bloodied, clenching a brass battle rifle, holding it out to be recognized "Flemish, he said pointing to it desperately, 'don't shoot - it's the Oscar."

Who knows... if the movie was on some other planet, in the movie world we would emphatically believe this post, and if we are invaded, an Oscar for Star Wars on Oscar Encounter will surely make the way to ray gun horizons.

But we know decidedly left the cover-up of the war, and to everyone's knowledge, the American B-29 Superfortresses a strong instance, if not the only

reason is that they mean business. They have become, through a ritual meditation, the mover's biggest promotional event, a kind of yearly election with good deal of political shenanigans involved. Indeed, with the financial stakes as high as they are, and with fewer movies being made every year, politics after race, with teeth men playing a supporting role. The uninformative fact, therefore, that owing to a good deal of trouble I have not yet had an opportunity to see many of the pictures mentioned this year, and do not know what the results of 1977 - which is all the easier for me to be vituperatively prejudiced in making my predictions - look like, more of the victory.

Now blockbuster typically garner a good review nonetheless. Though they don't always win, medium-to-large successes with some degree of seriousness attract us generally. So the movie business has always had a neat way of balancing vulgarity and respectability. This year, for example, the pictures with the most nominations (seven each) are *Juno* and *The Invention of Solitude*, both with impeccably well-intentioned credentials: (a) women play the leading roles in both; (b) both have been made with care and therefore contain high-minded, prize-worthy elements; (c) both have a background of cultural insight—anti-fascism and belief; (d) both were clearly made at a time of unusual commercial reversals and other than financial rewards. The *Thirteen*

Fossil was a pet project for Herb Ritsch, who began as a dancer-choreographer and his wife, Nora Kaye, a former star ballerina, on *Asa*. Everyone knows any picture that combines the talents of Jane Fonda, Fred Zinnemann, Lillian Hellman, and Vanessa Redgrave is going to be nothing less than serious; and if they're both present in some form

The biggest financial hit of the year, *Star Wars* made the Best Picture winner (and nominations in all) but, the closest miss, *Close Encounters*, did not. There's that old Hollywood waste of talent—two black horses on one live of five would be vulgar, though God forbid their directors should be discouraged, as both George Lucas and Steve Spielberg got nominated in their category. *Close Encounters* may have suffered in the overall tabulations because of its having been produced under the bannered sign of David Newman, who has become Hollywood's answer to Richard Nixon. Nobody out there quite knows what to do with him any more than the country does with the former President.

Comedy rarely wins anything specific Oscar recognition since generally it seems less significant. These are exceptions, like the year Lee McCarty won for *The*

[illegible]

Sentiment weighs most heavily on the acting awards, and the Best Actress category this year is replete with potential winners. The most likely to take home the Oscar (both on paper and in the end) will be, under the three dramatic nominees and up lucratively splitting the vote, *Black Swan* (Fonda) and *Anne Blythe* (Benedict). Both were up Oscar each, though by tradition works against them, so the odds must be for MacLaine, who has not had such

Shirley in the way of manners barely and is making a kind of comeback, always a heartwarmer in the theatrical profession. She also should have won several times when the doubt (for *The Apartment*, say, or for *Some Good Reading*, is both of which she is an anniversary). So if there is any justice, she should win. Working against Shirley, though, is the fact that she has always been a tough cookie and, worse, the tendency to write two books that not only got good notices but became best sellers. This is somewhat of a rebuke to those voters who sincerely meant too much talent, so perhaps Keenan could win after all.

Best Agave: Being an established sex symbol, like Marijuana, and playing a handsome devil is pretty certain to get you a nomination. Considering the temper of

our Oys, it may even start discriminating against someone like me. But my guess is that Richard Berlon (in *Eyes*) with an impressive Best Actor nomination behind him, will win. Elizabeth Taylor got the Oscar once for having survived a tracheotomy, so Buntow may win this year for having survived Elizabeth Taylor.

Supporter: Attorneys is a sticky one. Younger Redgrave would be a show-up if the hotel made a tactical error in booking a new, professional documentary. Other than that, she had to tell the media, come up with a story, and make sure she was sufficiently humbled by receiving a top posting somewhere while playing the title role. My brief contact with Miss Redgrave leads me to believe, however, that she doesn't give a rat's tail, which is usually a hard line. I'll probably never to finish something like *Redgrave* with her. I'll be glad to see Orlando and George Scott and Rosemary all winning while being amongst the top to the system. Off to forget. Though is that even at the height of his early bad-boy period, Orlando did show up to claim his award for *Go With the Wind*. Having the award for *Go With the Wind* is a little bit of a joke. It's a heartbreaker, I think.

Best Fagun. I think it is going to be either *A Special Day* by *The Glee Club* of Denver, with the former having the edge. I would guess, being a movie drama about a homosexual rather than a sordid comedy about a heterosexual. *The Bernal Project* is one of the few mentioned here that I have actually seen, and, to be honest, I just can't imagine any other being better: it is unquestionably one of the best pictures of one of the best great writers. That it is fresh and useful and personal and unclouded by fatuous does not necessarily go far enough in the voting, but I feel we should all be grateful that Bernal is still at it in his seventies, and

with a story usually in three parts. And, as you know, the first part is the best. This year's fancies are "protesting fancies," as the prizes are barbitone enough after all. Time has no way of making the third installment any choicer. Still, old Oscar's sword has been bent. He's opened to many children—Emily, Tony, Gemma, Cesar (later in France), Donatella Villy, Daria, Irene, Golden, Oliver, and so on. And he's been on TV with a TV special to match—Pamela's Choice, Country & Western, A FI Life Achievement. The trophy prizes never build it as good. The way I see it, there's only one prize that does it right. Every year in Barcelona, I have heard, they give much for poetry. The third prize is a short novel, the second prize is a book one. The first prize, the one for the best poem of all, is a real rose. —

Star Wars made it, *Close Encounters* did not. Two blockbusters on one list of five would be vulgar.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

While others are reaching for this technology, Sony brings it within your reach.

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Coming Up Short

BY D. KEITH MANO

Get one item dead straight—being five four stinks from here to West Mephitis

In 1963, I sailed for Cambridge, a Kefauver before on elevated slacks. The Beta and Sigma Cam footgear. They were Johnny's things. You could've tried a better reason.

Now my wife. I've shared it that way in pairs—but got one new dead straight, being short stinks from here to West Mephitis. No aspect of my otherwise far-into life has had such power to make me come down on myself. Got him enough. Chose, even your own confident still me will admit it, the whole hordes of indignities. For each playground, at least one baby's aggression. I wish I'd been a window, or a sign before them. Gives shirky, I'm the backboard. I'd tried to deep hole water that I wouldn't play near. Modern chairs that accept too much of me, that let my legs hang, gambled and staped. This peculiarly private abuse, we cornered on the top of my head, looked down on, vulnerable as an antler forlorn. I have been, we have been. "It is an eternal struggle, one, leaving, hands high. Fools: Out of rock."

And since after dinner we met people five days a week, the exact complement, in formation, for short men. Our misery having that company, and the same, that's why we were victims.

So I've been put in a quick acquisition for all the ungrateful women. Being laid—outdoors, rather—through any self-level has not cut off how our issue on the left. I'm sure, some victims, I would be a good deal. I can remember, wearing, up hills and before the rope, winter, poor, working with intervals, with such self-indulgence in front of a (superficially) full length, wearing, I couldn't jerk me. I'd almost crink up legs seemed to get shorter, shorter. I was the incredible, shrinking adolescent. I looked my body, what then was not to loads. And, you, one whole summer, is love with five single Barbara G. when I would carry my baseball glove all day long. This to excuse the very important fact that I wore baseball socks from breakfast on. On through nightfall. Click-click in the darkness, sound of blind men approaching. You could hear me, my wrapped home over anxiousness in the

underwear. It took me more from my swimming instructor and particular dispositions. I graduated with honor, into the highest academic priority on record.

Now my wife. I've shared it that way in pairs—but got one new dead straight, being short stinks from here to West Mephitis. No aspect of my otherwise far-into life has had such power to make me come down on myself. Got him enough. Chose, even your own confident still me will admit it, the whole hordes of indignities. For each playground, at least one baby's aggression. I wish I'd been a window, or a sign before them. Gives shirky, I'm the backboard. I'd tried to deep hole water that I wouldn't play near. Modern chairs that accept too much of me, that let my legs hang, gambled and staped. This peculiarly private abuse, we cornered on the top of my head, looked down on, vulnerable as an antler forlorn. I have been, we have been. "It is an eternal struggle, one, leaving, hands high. Fools: Out of rock."

And since after dinner we met people five days a week, the exact complement, in formation, for short men. Our misery having that company, and the same, that's why we were victims. So I've been put in a quick acquisition for all the ungrateful women. Being laid—outdoors, rather—through any self-level has not cut off how our issue on the left. I'm sure, some victims, I would be a good deal. I can remember, wearing, up hills and before the rope, winter, poor, working with intervals, with such self-indulgence in front of a (superficially) full length, wearing, I couldn't jerk me. I'd almost crink up legs seemed to get shorter, shorter. I was the incredible, shrinking adolescent. I looked my body, what then was not to loads. And, you, one whole summer, is love with five single Barbara G. when I would carry my baseball glove all day long. This to excuse the very important fact that I wore baseball socks from breakfast on. On through nightfall. Click-click in the darkness, sound of blind men approaching. You could hear me, my wrapped home over anxiousness in the

underwear. It took me more from my swimming instructor and particular dispositions. I graduated with honor, into the highest academic priority on record. Now my wife. I've shared it that way in pairs—but got one new dead straight, being short stinks from here to West Mephitis. No aspect of my otherwise far-into life has had such power to make me come down on myself. Got him enough. Chose, even your own confident still me will admit it, the whole hordes of indignities. For each playground, at least one baby's aggression. I wish I'd been a window, or a sign before them. Gives shirky, I'm the backboard. I'd tried to deep hole water that I wouldn't play near. Modern chairs that accept too much of me, that let my legs hang, gambled and staped. This peculiarly private abuse, we cornered on the top of my head, looked down on, vulnerable as an antler forlorn. I have been, we have been. "It is an eternal struggle, one, leaving, hands high. Fools: Out of rock."

prements, many and awkward, but a precious coat half-inch taller.

Clothes. God, clothes. I've been taken up all my life, scrounging here to me, self-reliance enough to walk as a locomotive, any bridge. Last but not all of the mark has ever fit me. Even a no, bello, can measure me when I strip my placket. And winters are of our discontent. The more I wear, the more I clearly with a box hedge me. AWD. Short men so impeded in any situation that when I reach one head up, my head will lose and my other arm will field up to seize. Same. This is the country for short men. I cut—no, I back in front of figure look only. But this is not, and I suggest, very useful on first impressions. What if you say, "Charming. I'm sure, we are—just give me a moment to strip off." Moreover, no way you were built. Ch. But will make the short men higher. It will also make him look like somebody's kid improve with me in a minute up on it.

Nothing New Department, short men tend to be associated. This became plain and certain and unchangeable. New York mayor, general and minister and demagogue (what do you think the scapular is for?) they become Norman Mailer and, which means a further thing, short men usually is a tall, big, aggressive country. By now, if I were so, I'd have written one novel at most, not six. One of his people who think the tallest of them under a perfectly set disaster who cut out on half. Who taught their leaders' is a mistake, and five four or less. Tall men don't have to do anything, stand up now and then, perhaps. Short men, what is (or try) to do, then happen in them as the way to live. Since for all of us, I mean, can you recall a center player in history who could outplay his average on the center top off? Short is already some kind of joke.

This lands in be time, and sometimes—outdoors are the old Ballwacker, deadened walls begin to bubble and clip off. There are only three advantages in being five four: when over the wheel on a Greyhound bus, when shoulders have to be laid, when walking home through a sewer. Yet reverse in-

Americans think five-foot men haven't grown on purpose; that they've stunted themselves by sucking El Productos.

smaller is possible: here's how, from the expert. Say Mr. Six Five has just posted your head at a cocktail party. Smile, then cheer to close. It means close—one inch away, no more. At first, intimacy will back off, follow, follow. Be pleasant, but move your hands constantly, slightly. And low. In two time Chewbacca will start glancing down at, though he'd been staring up at you with a series of rictus. Give me five, and I can make you talk him over his genital area, like Adam after the bus rape.

But, boy, if I don't shift that way out fast. Look, you've five other friends of mine got charged for filthy dollars just for being at Twenty-third and Tenth. With the cops on those hard-to-climb places, he asked responsibly, "Why not? Why are you doing this?" And his pragmatic-attacker said, "Give you the smaller cut come along tonight. Six inches more and you're tied into a vice, a life-or-death. I can't tell you the apprehensions, real and self-inflicted, that I've been going down in thirty-five years. Little me, I'm a fat kid. But they're here footstep by a night and crushing me over the middle. You need to be, well, short with slimmers. It doesn't matter the disposition."

[illegible]

Like being Jewish other ways, too. The small area whelped from some foreign wool stock. Your average suspicious cus-

James don't want a short cut. Franchise, and I don't blame him one bit. We are, you, publisher. Short cuts at first result in errors and lost brown-egg questions. They cover the Miracle-Safe Inn Discovery then, if you comply, they tell you. Run-Along They play Scribble with mistaken tales, they franchise items out-of-bounds states. Short cuts at first the Famous Strangers School and all Florida news items covered with fringe. All this print is useless by short cuts. We need we have no choice, and by your own account, the entire site and the entire account. Fortunately, I don't tell men how brown that could be made out as a number-one mistake.

[illegible]

This bias is generalized. A guest or three invite you and or special contributors to write for you, over, headbuck, head, which type types. One could go to Africa. Editors are the small animal—have, tortoise—who play cricket. Personal, be based, you feel more down-home casual. The book is a look at our national history. Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln all high, all players. Bar and Arnold were short. Since 1800 or so—let a copper dime check me—I do believe the top presidential candidate has most often won (McGovern alone, who was short everywhere else, can be accepted). Americans think that five-foot men should grow up to pursue. They've never seen a five-foot man in a suit, a doctor, not puffers, law firms, for that they could see one in a top hospital heart to life, I guess. Four or three is some-

being no sincere, morally better implied (or perceived as implied) by tall men. It may imply back to the Protestant concept of election: we are justified only by success, growth. Tall is good. Horsey. Open. Blessed. More American.

And more marketable. I'm very serious here, so stop fiddling with your canines and pay attention. Short men are discriminated against. Shamelessly, pragmatically. This is no paranoid figment; this is collectable data. American short men do not get anywhere near equal opportunity in education, law, sports. I want to see a short man in the NFL, a basketball team. Despite my own size, I cannot conscientiously support an athlete-

[illegible]

from him with the Ohio State II signal. Two at a time as 1750, Dr Johnson, son Kuo at first, was thought brave by contemporaries, a flesh wound for one of his robot Argentine sentences. Our life all with physical beings is recent and seems. And moral! I think Sir in the end, our own every day. In a simple heart, happy people are abundant. They are not aware they grind out more sewage. They have greater skin surface to heat and cloth. Subsequent cars can't accommodate them. All to what profit? Ten thousand revolutions to human history have prospered with a citizenship of people five feet tall and less. All this nature has concerns in fact, not just in rhetoric. As its energy ends, then I will make no more moral proposal. Let me give five or six feet of freedom to those allowed to reproduce their wonderful kind.

— JH



A close-up photograph of a person's hand resting on a wooden table. The hand is wearing a white sleeve and a white glove. A glass of beer is visible on the table next to the hand.





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Working Out at Home

BY SUZANNE SLESIN

Exercise can be more than muscle—it can be a lavish and unusual kind of interior design



Even Dr. Michael Knafman, shown above with his \$30,000 worth of gym machines, had to begin somewhere. Like most men, he started working out in a college gymnasium, and he'll admit that it's easier to exercise in a supervised and supervised situation. But, unlike most men, he now designs exercise machines as a hobby. For him, working out is the luxury of exercising in privacy. But if you can't afford a private gym, turn to page 92. There we show equipment to inspire you to get on the path to physical fitness.

Machine Room

You might see some of these machines in a professional training camp, but a few were especially made for me," says Dr. Knafman, who is thirty-five and an avid cross-country runner, a marathon runner, and a triathlete and long triathlete. He works out in the basement of his apartment New York mansion (the only room that's been done so far) two times a day. His daily diet? Eggs, lean meat, and four pounds of cottage cheese. "Strength power—Tie from the 'how much steel you can lift' school."



The Way He Was

The muscular man in the framed photograph on the wall and the one chomping on the bar to left are one and the same—just twenty-five months, and twenty-three years, later: outside Harry Schwartz, president of the Jack La Lanne Health Spas. “I joined a gym thirty-three years ago to build up my skinny body,” says the forty-seven-year-old Schwaerie. Nowadays he enjoys the luxury of trying out new machines at home. There he has four different bicycles, a jogging machine, and a Ponalys equipped gym, as well as an “investment of dumbbells.” Schwartz always works out early in the morning, watching the television talk shows while he gets



Father Knows Best

Los Angeles steel industrialist Gordon Schwartz's sixteen-year-old son, John, is a high school football player and a “super-jock,” so when John wanted to develop his physique, his father converted part of the garage in his Rolling Hills, California, ranch into the gym shown above. The Penmanor Health Equipment Corporation installed over \$5,000 worth of gear, including a Universal gym, and John works out on the equipment a minimum of three times a week. By the way, there's also a tennis court and a sauna on the ranch for when he gets bored with the gym.

Educational Experience

"This unit is the only one of its kind," explains Larry Soltz, below, describing the five-motion weight system (which includes handles for a shoulder press and a bench press, an adjustable leather-covered sit-up board, a high leotard-style pole, and a climbing bar) he had fitted in a space by Day-Schick Design. As president of Program Arts Inc., a manufacturer of physical-fitness equipment, Soltz, who studied in physical education in college and later taught briefly in the New York City school system, maintains a gym at his office. He works out in the

morning for half an hour four times a week, but he feels strongly that people should diversify the kinds of exercise they do. "I happen to have a great commitment to health and physical fitness," says Soltz, "and because of this I think I enjoy life more, and as a result feel better prepared to deal with the rigors of my everyday business life." When he explains, "This is the Bull-Boop machine of the business," Larry Soltz is not kidding. In other words, you could get a unit similar to this one, custom designed to fit an office or an apartment, for about \$41,000.



Man on the Flying Trapeze

"I always wanted to have a trapeze at home because it was the most fun, but I never found anywhere where the ceilings were high enough," explains New York painter Lowell Nesbitt, right. Well, he does now. Two years ago he converted a police horse stable in New York, and when he saw the raphene-foot ceilings, a trapeze was one of the first things he thought of putting in. He has also had a whirlpool and a sauna installed near his bedroom, and an outdoor swimming pool on the building's first floor. His daily

routine includes an interlocking cycle as soon as he gets up, breakfast, then a workout on the trapeze—chin-ups, hanging from the knees—backbends, and finally exercise on the mat. The paintings on the back wall were works in progress when the photograph was taken. Currently they are on exhibit at the Andrew Crispo Gallery in New York. Why exercise in the studio when you have a whole building to work on, too? "Anytime I feel fatigued with painting, I hang on the trapeze and recharge."



Portable and Modest Gym Equipment: A Good Way To Get Started

The most difficult thing about working out is getting started. Here's a trick: go out and buy something. Then you'll have a new toy to play with, and before you know it, you'll be exercising. And you'll be committed to keeping it up—if only because

you've spent the money and are feeding a little policy. With the plethora of new exercise products now on the market, there's no excuse for not doing something. You should get some advice first—from an advisor or a local gym—and then make your move.

Pedal Pusher

Regarded as the best stationary bicycle sold, the Fitton works on an innovative principle—the exercise wastes no effort but exerts resistance at every exercise point. \$795, including freight, from Cybex, a division of Laramie Inc., 100 Spruce St., Bay Shore, New York 11716.

Systems Approach

The Dymov Cardioformic 5 is programmed with your age, weight, and sex and doesn't allow you to over- or underdo it. It's \$1,995 at Kojac USA in Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, the Physio-Dyne Instrument Company, Massapequa, New York; Dymov, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Running in Place

The motor-driven treadmill can be adjusted to six speeds—from a slow one for warming up and cooling off to a high one for more strenuous exercise. It costs \$1,215, including freight, from the Quantum Instrument Company, 7121 Terry Ave., Seattle, Washington 98131.

On the Incline

Fold this York Barbell Company slant board and the legs fold up so that the thirty-six-by-sixty-two-inch board can be easily put away. Covered in heavy vinyl, it's \$47.50 at York Barbell Products, Miami, Gen. Sporting Goods, New York; Health House, Pittsburgh.



Row, Row Your Boat

Hydraulic rowing machines allow you to feather the oars and simulate the action of the competitive oarsman. From MadLay Products, it's \$679 from that company in Elizabeth, New York; General Recreation Corporation, Atlanta, Haden Company, Dallas.

Not Matter

Originally designed for school use, this seventy-four-by-twenty-four-inch easible mat can be easily stored or moved. It's \$17.95 (add \$2 for postage) from Progress Audio Inc., Consumer Products Division, 444 MacQuarrie Parkway, Mount Vernon, New York 10756.

Muscle Builders

The York Barbell Company dumbbells are made of steel and iron and are equipped with one-and-a-quarter-point smooth plates that attach without collars—and no wrenches are needed to tighten the turners. The thirty-pound set costs \$19.95 at Gen. Sporting Goods, New York.

Right Rope

The professional leather jump rope is nine feet six inches long, has handwoven handles with free-turning ball bearings, and is meant to stand up to rough use. Made by AMP Wholly, it's \$16 at Harman's World of Sporting Goods on the East Coast and at Ochsman's on the West Coast.

Photograph by Patricia Brown

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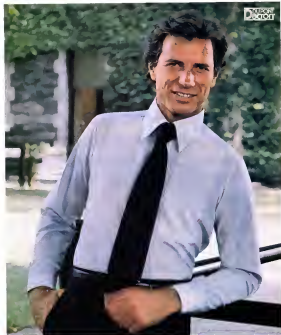
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Illustration by Daniel Mella

Becoming One's Own Man

BY DANIEL J. LEVINSON

Adult life, a new study argues, is a series of crises. The most crucial begins when men reach their mid-thirties

*The following article is adapted from the newly published book *The Settling of a Man's Life*, by professor of psychology Daniel J. Levinson and four colleagues at Yale University. It is based on the results of an exhaustive study of forty men—writers, students, biologists, novelists, and hourly wage earners—conducted over a period of years.*

Levinson's team studied six subjects with the primary aim of creating "a developmental perspective on adulthood in men." As the work progressed, the researchers came to reject the common notion of adulthood as a fluid and unchanging state in favor of the concept of the life process as a sequence of seasons—periods or stages within the adult life cycle. Moreover, as a man progresses from one season to the next, he almost inevitably goes through a sequence of transitions: in early adulthood, in middle life, and again in the later years. Each of these transitions produces predictable crises and patterns of behavior. Perhaps the most crucial of these begins in the mid-thirties, as men undergo adolescence in an effort to become their own men.

The effort to be more fully one's own person—to be more independent and self-sufficient and less subject to the control of others—is fixed at many ages. We see it, for example, in the two-year-old stubbornly insisting on his rights and trying to maintain his own territory in a world that seems forever to be encroaching him. In the Early-Adult Transition, the adolescent becomes with his special concern for his own independence

as he struggles to pull away more completely from parents and from the childish self that is still so strongly tied to them.

This issue takes a new form, and a central place, in the mid phase of Settling Down. This phase, *Becoming One's Own Man*, extends from about thirty-six or thirty-seven to forty or forty-one. It represents the culmination of Settling Down and, more broadly, the peaking of early adulthood and the first stirrings of what lies beyond.

A man's primary developmental tasks in *Becoming One's Own Man* are to accomplish the goals of Settling Down, to advance sufficiently on his ladder, to become a senior member of his enterprise, to speak more clearly with his own voice, to have a greater measure of authority, and to be less dependent externally as well as internally on other individuals and institutions in his life.

There is a built-in dilemma here. On the one hand, a man wants to be more independent, more true to himself and less vulnerable to pressures and blacklists from others. On the other hand, he needs affirmation in society. Speaking with his own voice is important, even if no one listens—but he especially wants to be heard and respected and given the rewards that are his due. The wish for independence leads him to do what he alone considers most useful, regardless of consequences; the wish for affirmation makes him sensitive to the responses of others and susceptible to their influence.

The developmental tasks of *Becoming One's Own Man*—carrying through the Settling Down enterprise, becoming more senior and expert, and getting affirmed by society—assume primary importance

A man in his mid-thirties is finally stepping into the world of full adulthood. Ahead he a series of conflicts he can perceive only dimly: struggles to authenticate himself in his career and to define his role as husband, parent, and member of the community.



*Copyright ©1978 by Daniel J. Levinson, published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

Illustration by Daniel Mella

APRIL 11, 1979 \$3.00 US \$4

during the late thirties. A man is likely to be rather sensitive, even touchy, about anything in the environment or in himself that interferes with these aims. Since the successful outcome of this period is not assured, he often feels that he has not accomplished enough and that he is not sufficiently his own man. He may have a sense of being held back, of being oppressed by others and restrained by his own conflicts and inhibitions.

External circumstances during these years are frequently restrictive and damaging to self-esteem. Oppressions often operate so rigidly or so corruptly that an individual places his career in jeopardy

It is not a sign of pathology that many boyish qualities operate with great force. Indeed, the more intense boy-man conflict is a step forward.

wants to be his own man, but he also wants desperately to be understood and appreciated, to have his talents affirmed, to succeed in his enterprise.

But the difficulty goes deeper than this. Becoming One's Own Man represents a peering at the significance of early adulthood. A man wants to become a "grown adult," to realize the fruits of the labors of the past fifteen or twenty years, to accomplish goals that will provide a base for his life in the years to come. The urgency of the desire for adulthood, however, brings about a re-examination of the little boy in the adult.

It is not necessarily a sign of pathology

A man and his mother step into a man's perspective in maturity, to be faced with the former relation as a major factor in his father figure united with all the inner sublimated conflicts.



During this time men frequently vacillate between extremes of depressive self-blame and paranoid rage. Bosses and wives can seem to be tyrants.



A man in his thirties is a Settling Down period and is usually raising a family. But his own relationships often leave him feeling like a helpless child both at home and in the job.



if he is very forthright or eager to take the ball and run. It is generally safer to avoid controversy and be a loyal member of the "team" and not to speak too loudly with one's own voice. As a man advances, he comes in closer contact with senior men who have their interests to maintain and protect. Their interest in him often consists in a subtle mixture of support and in dissension. He receives a double dose



From his senior colleagues a young man receives a double message: "Be a good boy, and you'll go far," together with, "Make trouble and you're dead."

sign: "Be a good boy and you'll go far," together with, "Make trouble and you're dead."

The difficulties of this period have important internal sources as well. The wish for affirmation and advancement makes a man especially vulnerable to social pressure. A man who has graded himself on his ability to act autonomously realizes now that he is not as independent as he had thought. In crucial situations he has been too eager to please, too sensitive to criticism, too conforming to speak and act on the basis of his own convictions. He

or impaired development in early adulthood that many boyish qualities operate with great force. Indeed, the intensification of the boy-man conflict is a step forward. It creates the possibility of transcending the conflict at a higher level.

During this period, however, the intensified conflict becomes an inner source of difficulty. The adult self desires to fulfill certain values, so he is a productive member of society, and to be so he must be the responsible adult that this demands. The boyish self contributes to this effort in many ways with his aggressiveness, energy,

and idealism. In some of adventure and wonderment. However, the boyish self is also a source of opposition and discontent. He wants to attain great heights through magical omnipotence rather than the sweat of his brow. He wants things to go off on his own, without having to consider the conflicting needs or requirements of others. When sufficient recognition is not forthcoming, the little boy feels totally deprived and humiliated. When a boss or other authority is restrictive or imposing, it is the little boy who feels utterly belated and intimidated. The boyish self becomes the naggingly treacherous, the ever aggressive, the glib or the enigmatic, self-delighting rebel—but not the persevering warrior or the leader who uses his authority for constructive human ends. It is the little boy inside the man who transforms the ordinary months with whom he is involved—bosses, wives, mentors, colleagues—

into tyrants, corrupters, whimsical rivals, seducers, and witches.

There is always some mixture of reality and distortion in these experiences. To some degree the persons and situations in a man's life are tyrannical, corrupting, and exploitative. His often finds it hard to sort things out. During this time he frequently vacillates between the extremes of depressive self-blame (when he feels absolutely inept, ingenuit, and lacking in inner resources) and paranoid rage (when he blames an evil or accusing world for suppressing or ignoring his common talents and talents). When these internal conflicts and external stresses are at their height, it is difficult indeed to maintain one's good judgment and integrity.

During the period of Becoming One's Own Man, relationships with mentors who have helped in earlier development are likely to be especially stormy and vulnerable. The termination of a close re-

Success in the Settling Down period brings a man into a new and different world. He starts again in this world, and if he comes to it, his life will evolve in unexpected ways.

with a mentor is often a mutually painful, stormy process. A man in his late thirties is not only giving up his current mentor, he is undergoing the readiness to be the protégé of any other person. He must reject the mentoring relationship not because it is intrinsically harmful but because it has served its purpose. It has helped him to make a basic circumstantial advance, but in Becoming One's Own Man, a new task arises: a man must move toward becoming a senior adult and full peer of his former mentors, teachers and bosses. He himself must become a mentor, father, constructive authority, and noncompetitive friend of other adults. This developmental achievement is the essence of adulthood. If a man is to assume responsibility for others and for himself during middle adulthood, he must attain his maturity.

The little boy still desperately wants the mentor to be a good father in the most

Even stable life structures involve hardship and suffering, but stress is manageable and satisfactions outweigh difficulties.

children sense—a father who will make him special, will endow him with magical powers, and will not require him to compete or prove himself as reluctant to would-be rivals. It is also the little boy who innocently asks the mentor into a bad habit—a depriving, dictatorial authority who has no real love and merely uses him for his own needs. The relationship is made untenable by the yearning for the good father, the anxiety over the bad father, and the projection of both these external figures onto the mentor, who is then caught in a bind.

One of the sorrows in our study, Allen Perry, presented to with a vivid example of a significant mentor relationship. At forty-four, he recalls the story as if it had happened yesterday. In his early twenties, after college and military service, Perry went to New York with the angle of becoming a writer. He took an entrance course taught by Calvin Randall, who was then in exile as a leading publishing figure. They immediately formed a close bond.

Randall gave me tremendous support and encouragement. I was very close to that man—emotionally deeply committed to him, in fact. We had a wonderful quality, but I later realized that this quality was good only if you were young, and once you became a man yourself almost became a matter of competition.

But the break occurred some years later, when Perry was thirty-five. He had just completed his second novel and taken it to his mentor. By this time Ran-

dall was editor in chief and a nationally known figure. "This partly to his connection with my work. It took him two weeks to get around to the manuscript. And, when they finally met, it was a great disappointment.

I realized that he wasn't interested in my work as much as in his own career. If there was ever a person who demonstrated the self-interest of the son of a bitch, it's him. He really lost touch with his protégés, as well as himself. I'd come to discuss a manuscript and he'd spend two or three hours describing his great publishing plans. When he moved to another firm, he asked me to sign with him. If the relationship had remained as it was, I wouldn't have hesitated. Instead, I decided to just let him go. I still remember discussing the letter I wrote him almost ten years ago. These are close to the actual words: "To go with you now, even including the fact that I admire you so much, would be an admission that you are absolutely essential to my development. When, in fact, you must be aware that that is not true. It is so much to me, your creditable or your talent, but it would have been decreasing to my integrity as a writer." I was told later from someone who was there that he mentioned even when he read the letter: "He was hurt for a long time and felt that I had betrayed him. For me, however, it was an act of liberation. I realize now that thirty-five is really a very sad

becoming. One's Own idea follows different patterns, advancement and stability, decline within a stable structure; trying to break out into a new structure, or advancement that creates a new structure.

accrual period. Breaking with Calvin Randall was just the beginning of some liberating process.

Allen Perry's bitterness did not destroy his attachment to Randall. His son, born at the time of the break, was named after the mentor. The relationship is now unassailable but reserved—perhaps as good as it can be.

I'm very thankful at this moment that we've patched it all up. I'm a grown man, you know, and not his boy. I have an excellent father now. We are friendly, but it's not the kind of passionate relationship I had with Randall. I don't think I'll ever have that again, or want it. Now it's my own to give that help to others, though I'll never have Calvin's interest or skill as it

Men rarely have mentors after about forty. A man may have valued relationships with family, friends, colleagues, and co-workers, but the mentor relationship in its full, early-adult form is rare. It

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is overwhelmed, with other things, as part of Becoming One's Own Man. One result is a greater ability and interest in being a mentor to others.

The Settling Down period is the culmination of early adulthood: the time for a man to realize the hopes of his youth. What are the markers, ways of going through this period, and what are its outcomes? Ignoring those men whose lives remained unstable and in a state of flux throughout the Settling Down period, an undisputed four ways of establishing a second adult life structure and Becoming One's Own Man. There is nothing absolute about these categories: they are simply a convenient means of describing variations. However, everyone we studied went through one or another of these sequences.

The first and most common pattern—fifty-five percent of the men we studied fell into it—was defined as advancement with a stable life structure. Here, life proceeds more or less according to expectations. During the early Settling Down phase, a man makes his primary commitments: defines an enterprise, and gradually enriches and elaborates the ideal life structure. He may experience a good deal of hardship and suffering, but the stresses are manageable and the satisfactions outweigh the difficulties.

The final goal of advancement in this sequence is often defined concretely in terms of a key event that is the man's most epochal achievement: success. This event carries the ultimate message of his affirmation by society. The young writer does not want to write just another book; he wants to make a quantum leap in a writing. The academic biologist aspires to become a full professor, to achieve seniority in his university and discipline, to make a major breakthrough in his research, or, at such he told us, to win the Nobel Prize. The executive knows by thirty-five that he must accept a constant level of forty; otherwise, he will be unable to advance further. The worker, too, seeks a higher job grade or a supervisory position. He may attain a career position, such as shop steward, that carries another form of seniority. Or he may define his goals less in terms of occupation and more in terms of family, luxury, or comfort.

Whatever their goals, these men form a life structure early in the Settling Down period and maintain it throughout. Important changes may occur—in place and kind of residence, job, income, life-style, family pattern—but these represent adjustments, enhancements, or difficulties within the continuing framework and not a change in the basic structure.

Around forty, these men reach the top rung of their Settling Down ladder and achieve goals that represent the culmination of years of striving. Reaching this level is not the end of the story. The satisfaction of this period being a man into a

Since most structures are pyramids, most middle managers are doomed to failure. A similar pyramid, with the same devastating competition, exists in universities.

new and different world: life is now a newcomer entering a "senior" world. In the process of establishing himself, he has joined an establishment. It bears the responsibility for many people—students in industry, the university, writing/publishing, trade unions, the extended family. He vests himself in this world, and if he remains in it, his life structure will evolve in unanticipated ways near the corner of middle adulthood.

About twenty percent of our men fall into a pattern of serious failure or decline within a stable life structure. Some of them fall in gross and obvious ways during the course of Settling Down. Others achieve a good deal of material success but fail in certain crucial respects that make the career enterprise pointless in their own eyes.

None of the heavily writers found it possible to make a significant advance in job level during their late thirties. A few were recommended to this sad fount other ways—through their spouses, families, or community—but the gains were precarious and temporary.

Repeated levels of failure in Settling Down were found in three of our ten executives. All three had with great effort achieved positions as middle managers by their mid-thirties. They viewed the phase of Becoming One's Own Man with great hopes for advancement, and failure came to them as a bitter disappointment.

Other middle managers received occasional promotions and were able to remain in the company without too great harassment. By the late thirties, however, they had reached their ceilings: not only would they fall in their goals but their sense of direction and their possibilities for the future were undermined. The structure of management at industry is pyramidal, with only one position in top management for fifty ill-fated as many as. Other middle managers received occasional promotions and were able to remain in the company without too great harassment. By the late thirties, however, they had reached their ceilings: not only would they fall in their goals but their sense of direction and their possibilities for the future were undermined.

A similar pyramid exists—although with different characteristics—in our universities. The outcome of that competition can be devastating to an industry. Some of the faculty members we studied at a first-rate university were told in their late thirties that they would not be promoted to tenured professorships, and would have to leave the following year. There is more to the rule than the exception in such universities: the majority of younger faculty members, like middle managers in industry, do not gain senior positions. Most of them go to other universities at various academic levels and salaries. In each case the change represents both advancement and a kind of demotion. It is accompanied by the most contradictory self-criticism and failure.

The third and most visible response to this period can best be defined as breaking out: trying for a new life structure. Often the conflicts that are generated undermine and destroy advantages of achievement from every aspect of a man's world.

Such a response is perhaps the most dramatic example of the late thirties as a time of crisis. But when one is faced with becoming his own man and to fulfill his adult aspirations, he feels that there is something fundamentally wrong. Flipping aside his bed (marital, occupational, or whatever), he asks himself: Is he in it? Not to change is to let the life of his life fade away much that he has built over the first ten or fifteen years. As he struggles to make the painful decision—to break out or to stay put—the history he has made, accumulated, is a memory of himself and others and a kind of loss.

The difficulty lies partly in the accidentality of his life. This man's life structure is in a dead thread. It does not permit him to live out crucially important aspects of the self, and it requires him to be someone he can no longer accept. But the firm has found and have been defeated. For some time they become available now because the tasks of Becoming One's Own Man are so urgent: it is essential to pursue the dream to be a person of independence and integrity. In the man's fully a man, so he is torn by the little boy who himself desperately needs to be cared for and who is embarrassed by his structure to powerful, explosive adults.

The process of breaking out may go on at marriage and other relationships with women. As a man struggles to be his life boy in himself, he struggles as well with the material figures in himself and his wife. He experiences his wife largely in material terms: at best a good mother, at best a good wife, at best a good mother. And the early life is worst: a destructive wish or selfish hitch, using both her strength and her weakness to keep him in line and prevent him from becoming what he truly wants to be.

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As he says it, his wife cannot bear what he is trying to tell her, nor can she appreciate his need for greater measures of both autonomy and autonomy sharing. From her point of view, he is unconsciously repeat full of strong her wishes, measures suddenly critical of her and of the life they have labored so long to achieve, yet unable to tell her what he now sees. It is difficult to sort out the various elements in this situation; both husband and wife have been involved in making the relationship, and both will have a part in determining its outcome.

The result may be separation and divorce, but there are other outcomes as well. A period of open warfare or status conflict may end in a kind of cold war in which a poor marriage is maintained because of various external and internal constraints. In some cases the couple are able to change themselves and their lives and make their marriage more satisfactory than before.

This sequence highlights the difficulties and potential costs of forming a fully flowered life structure at the start of the Settling Down period. As a man starts the phase of Blossoming One's Own Race, the laws become less tolerable and he is faced with a terrible dilemma. If he remains in this structure there is the danger that he will be unable to become his own man. On the other hand, he has already made major commitments within the early flowered life structure and changing them may be harmful to family, co-workers, and others who depend on him. Breaking out of this structure is a tough undertaking indeed.

If a man fails to terminate his occupation or his marriage, it will take several years to carry through the process of reorganization. The first occupation and marriage may continue to hold a significant place in his life, though they will have new meanings and a new place in the structure. The breaking out may be dramatized by a single decisive act, a major event such as moving out of the home or quitting a job or going to another part of the country. But the process of breaking away begins earlier and will go on for much longer than is usually recognized. The process of breaking out—making new choices and breaking a new life—is also time consuming. A man may remain some after leaving his first wife, but it will take several years to establish a new marriage (and often a new family). If he makes a change in occupation, he will go through a period of transition as he leaves one occupational world and gradually enters the new.

Finally, and this is the hardest blow of all, before a man breaks out of thirty-seven can create a new life structure in which to realize his early adult experiences. He enters the Mid-life Transition at forty or forty-one. Now all of his aspirations and dreams come into question. We found that every man who at-

When a man takes a new ladder to external success beyond his primary aspirations, he can enter into an alien world only to find that he has overreached himself.

tempted a major life change in the late thirties as part of Blossoming One's Own Race went through a period of considerable instability and his leaving eight to ten years. It is not easy to establish a new structure until the Mid-life Transition ends and a new stable period. Entering Middle Adulthood begins in the mid-forties.

Are the costs of attempting such a change worth the benefits? It is hard to say. The costs of attempting such a change are high. A man who attempts to change his life structure at the start of Settling Down are very hard to modify. A highly flowered structure will be extremely costly in many ways, whether he stays put or breaks out. Part of the difficulty is that, even in his present world, he cannot predict the costs and gains of any course of action. He must consider the fact that, even if he succeeds in changing his life structure, he will be faced with the negative prospects of either staying put or leaving it. Breaking out may be desirable to his loved ones and may be desirable to him.

The fourth basic pattern we have identified is an administrative structure change in life structure. A man receives a promotion or a change in career or a change in job. At first glance the change seems to be a great boon, an opportunity to find better and do things that he has long wanted to do. But this job project has, in fact, a new world in which he has new roles and relationships. It creates new aspects of the self while providing little room for the expression of other, deeply experienced aspects. In short, it leads to a change in his life structure. The new aspects of a new life structure, and it may turn out to be a curse.

This sequence is well represented by an executive, Roger Mohr. After getting into his new job, he is promoted to his new position and took a job in a large man, starting from where he has worked ever since. At twenty-four, he got married and began a life that had great value

and his end-future. During this time he worked in a shop that made special products. He worked the week into weeks, and he had to devote his advancement. By twenty-four, Roger Mohr was the head of the shop and traveled around the country developing and testing new products. He was in a position to move into a more comfortable neighborhood. Their two children were born when he was thirty-one and thirty-five. This time—in the early Settling Down period—was the high point of his adult life. He loved his work and doing his best to do it.

When Mohr was thirty-seven the company rewarded him with a middle management position as purchasing manager. Unable to resist this advancement, he entered a new occupation and a new world. The position was a first step in changing his life structure. He gave up the leadership of the small production-oriented world he knew and took an managerial position in an immensely larger world. He had to give up his career loss. Although he enjoyed it less, he was excited by the challenge and did well. As he turned forty, he was offered a senior position in a manager of manufacturing, with responsibility for four hundred people and an annual salary of \$180,000.

From thirty-seven to forty, Roger Mohr succeeded occupationally beyond his most extravagant dreams. But the advancement changed the character of his life. It eliminated what had been the central element of his earlier life structure: the small shop and his deliberate role within it. It introduced a major new element, an executive position for which he had no experience and for which he was given a national training. The new job required his executive and planning skills among colleagues at work whose class level was markedly above his. It shifted his focus from his own work to the lower middle class in which he had been firmly rooted by his family of origin and his own commitments. In brief, Roger Mohr's commitments during the phase of Settling Down (from thirty-seven to forty) had been all the ladder he had taken. The new ladder he had taken much greater external success but was beyond his primary aspirations and even his primary cultural world. He overreached himself. The years from forty-one to forty-five were the low point of his life.

There are the possibilities—and the realities—of the Settling Down period. The basic character of the period is the same for all men. It is a time when the major developmental tasks and needs confronting us off. At the same time, each work in these tasks in his own way, and there are infinite individual differences. Whatever his career and out come, this period comes to an end at around forty as new developmental tasks gain primacy and a new period begins. ■

Second Wind For Paul Erdman's Best Seller

Published in '76, *The Crash of '79* is the hit of '78 among those who really count—like oil moguls, government leaders, and bankers

On Saturday in Paris, I met my friend H, who works on nuclear matters at the French foreign ministry. We were having lunch at a seafood restaurant across from what had been the Paris stock market until the Government of Paris voted it down to build a science complex that looks like a prison—a memorial of sorts to 1968.

H had stopped en route to our lunch at the Bourse to see Avenida del Upón to pick up the American guestbook edition of *The Crash of '79* (Doubleday, \$2.50). Paul Erdman's thriller about petrodollars, nuclear problems, and the Persian Gulf. "I'm curious," H said. "Everyone seems to be reading it."

On Monday we spoke on the phone. "I did nothing on Sunday except read that book cover to cover," H said.

"And what was your reaction?"

"He made that French expression that sounds like *bouffé* and then replied, 'I am worried.'"

The Crash of '79 does that to people. Although it was published in bookish in October, 1976 (Simon & Schuster, \$5.95), only in the past few months have so many people read it. Erdman's book is something number of people previously involved with foreign policy, energy, finance, and arms have been reading in paperback and then talking this H. did. What *The Crash of '79* is something like a new electricity with cult novels, the cult composed of, say, teenagers or women with a passion for Gothic fiction. This particular cult, however, happens to be drawn from the international policy-making community. Erdman's book is being read in Tokyo, in London, in Rome.

When Secretary of the Treasury Blumenthal traveled in the Persian Gulf recently, secretary after secretary mentioned the book. Obviously, Erdman hit it on something, if not taken notice, however, for everyone to catch on. But what was it that he hit upon and why was it so important to so many people? When I returned to the United States, I found France's young

Democracy Socialist who wanted to settle some hearings on the international politics of energy. When got the Senator interested?

"He read *The Crash of '79* before Christmas, and it really shook him," the Senator's staff aide explained to me.

Recently a group of American diplomats in Mexico City went to see a man whom identified as one of Mexico's leading economists. They asked him what he knew for the world economy.

"Read *The Crash of '79*," he advised. Not long after I heard of that minister, I spoke with a high level official involved in U.S. nuclear proliferation policy. I told him when he did during the blizzard of '78.

"I finally read *The Crash of '79*," he said, sounding almost shocked about his tardiness.

"And?"

"I was lost"—he drew out the word—disoriented. It was all plausible. I kept looking for the one thing that I could put my finger on and see. Also, this was wrong—and the whole thing would then be a failure. I kept making that I couldn't find it. In a funny way, I don't read it like a novel, but like fact, like an article in *Foreign Affairs*—only with a plot.

Others, perhaps out of their own experience, could put their finger on the flow that could unravel the whole argument but chose, out of politeness or discretion, not to. When senatorial testimony last year, Arthur Andersen asked the man who is the probable successor to the prime minister of Iran if he had read the book. The man (who is not depicted very nicely in terms of what he has said in his actual remarks) "I believe he flipped through it," the official said. And who did he think of? "Jimmy Carter."

Then, there are the disbelievers. When I was meeting with executives from one of our major oil companies, the subject of the book came up, and it inevitably does when oilmen get together. And what did they think?

"Think," said one. And to emphasize the point he added, "Junk."

"It's loaded with inaccuracies," said

another. "Why, Erdman even got the address of Aramco's New York office wrong."

How is it possible that a book about the Saudi quest for a special relationship with the United States, about the search for nuclear weapons, a book that is filled with a great deal of information about the recycling of petrodollars and some really unbelievable acts, a novel about the Middle East in which the Arab-Israeli conflict is rather peripheral—how could such a book capture not only the popular imagination but also what we might call the "official imagination," such as it is?

I decided to ask Paul Erdman.

Now that's a sharp shot, he said when I told him about the criticism relating to Aramco's New York address. "I'm used by a little. You said that a big error? Who cares? I'm more interested in getting the names spelled right. Besides, we were on the falling out between Aramco and Exxon being in bed together—if not in the same building. Anyway, I've got a couple of holes in mine. I've even got the name of the wrong one on a right page and the wrong one on a right page all right in the next book."

Erdman agreed that it was only recently that the book had begun to have political effect. "I saw one in October, 1978, and I said, 'This is not a bad book cover. It's all been here in the paperback since November, 1977.' The reaction since then has been extraordinary. I was talking to Henry Kissinger at a cocktail party. He told me that Pauline Ruckelshaus had asked him to ask me if 1979 was meant to be taken literally or figuratively."

I felt in good company, for that was my question as well. I asked him to recycle his answer. He said he had chosen 1979 because it sounded like 1979, although the early 1980s probably would have been better. "The book is not a forecast. It's based on major programs made a couple of years ago. I don't take it too seriously for 1979. But if you move it up to '80 or '81, even I start to take some of that seriously—unbelievably."

But why the hit of '78?

"What I do is write anticipatory novels, and I would say that the novel discussed in the novel have surfaced since the book was published. Actually, the proliferation was close to the top in 1976. But it has taken quite a long time for people to realize that the immediate energy crisis is not an energy shortage but rather the balance of trade and the balance of payments, the whole dollar thing. It really takes us before when the dollar begins to slide against the European currencies. There's a book completed by running up in the United States at the end of the year with our gas."

Obviously, that is part of the explicit plan. Erdman has taken three great steps—one and one-sidedly favoring nuclear proliferation, and the Middle East—and tied them together in a cliff-hanger that does not bode well for us. The language is not exactly elegant, and the characters are not developed in a memorable way (although the Shale and Shaleh Yaman would always be welcome characters in any novel I read). But the plot remains reasonably good. The key point is that the whole conspiracy is somehow realistic, knowing, inevitably self-serving, and plausible. And so it works—and per se. It could not get that way, neither was the Persian Gulf, a coup in Saudi Arabia, and the collapse of the international monetary system.

The book's very plausibility should tell us that something is wrong—very, very wrong. Erdman, the writer who went beyond the borders of government officials, the press, consultants, and research institutes, has a deep and rich reservoir of anxiety that others had missed—or wanted to miss. They knew that it was their oil crisis, but they preferred to pretend that it wasn't. Now that the mainline that followed the 1973 shock had worn off, it is obvious that we really do face some very difficult problems. In the past ten or eleven months, a number of useful analyses have suggested that October, 1979, was only a year away, and that we face a very stark energy prospect in the mid 1980s, when depletion on the Persian Gulf will be much

Erdman's novel is really a formula by which informed people can let down their guard and admit that maybe things are out of control.

greater than it is now. Erdman's plot warns us about the dangers of that dependence. That's the anxiety Erdman hit.

There is a creeping fear that maybe we will not be able to deal in a rational way with these new problems of nuclear proliferation and oil. It's even more likely that we will be working toward ourselves. Other writers, such as Robert W. Tucker in his brilliant new book, *The Ambiguity of Nations*, have also recently developed this theme. But Tucker's is a denser book, all argument, and you can hardly expect busy people to give up time to contemplate what is meant by "the disappearance of order and chaos." Much better is a book with a plot, one that hits us in the gut. Erdman's book is a good one. It is a good one because it has failed to convince us on energy that Erdman's hybrid of fact and fiction has over 1.5 million paperback copies in print, inside Washington as well as in.

"I don't quite know what one should expect of novels these days," said Kissinger. "I guess you expect that they will reflect some machinery and apparatus and that the god should also know how to construct a sentence. I regard *The Crash of '79* as a teaching tool. This novel has done something that newspapers, magazines, and television have not done, and I suppose that is why a lot of people are reading it."

It was a little statement of Erdman to me, saying, but in a way I had lost his way. It was, there's a good deal of truth in this remark—and in the book. **Y**



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The Auto Will Prevail

Forget conventional wisdom: there is a solid case for the private car

Like many of us, Alan Altschuler feels ambivalent about the automobile. As a mid-30s-old MIT professor, he owns two cars—one for his family, one for commuting. As the tough secretary of transportation of Massachusetts in the early 1970s, he was one of the last high-capacityway construction in Boston and helped successfully in Washington for the new law that obligates states to transfer interstate highway funds to mass transit.

Altschuler finds it possible to be pro auto and anti-automobile at the same time for a simple reason: the private car makes sense. Now highway construction fades. In fact, says Altschuler, the car will remain the most convenient way for Americans to get around. And that's why construction stops. For car owners, their cars let them live where they want, work where they want, play where they want, it gives them the ability to play. Equally important, Altschuler holds this attitude is based on an understanding of public opinion about the car as a useful everyday appliance rather than as a sex object or status symbol. "For all the talk about the great American love affair with the car," Altschuler says, "it's not true. It's just that the private car works for them."

Given this rational attitude, Altschuler predicts that the private auto will not only survive but prevail through the 1990s and 2000s and beyond. And he says that this means higher and higher gasoline prices—indeed more riches for Exxon and the Saudis. Moreover, Altschuler believes that the undesirable problems created by the private car—congestion, environmental damage, or snaking up the U.S. trade balance—can probably be redressed without new government spending on highways or major changes in life styles.

In a new study to be published later this year by the MIT Press, Altschuler opens a road of the current conventional wisdom about the American auto: the behavior of drivers, and the value of highways. His practical-political experience enables him to look at the road ahead without any undue spin. His view remains remarkably about a landscape long since passed. His analysis is both realistic and on how public policies can be shaped by a changing technology, and by power and its political disposition, rather than by a political ideology.

The first pillar of power in transportation policies is the oil-industry complex, right at the confluence of an



Auto is vibrant, just like you. (MIT photo)

near club of the top two corporations have connections with the auto. In the 1950s, the auto industry helped orchestrate the federal highway-building program—all those interstates—because, Altschuler suspects, the auto makers needed some place to put all the cars they were making out each year. Certainly, the highway program—despite its name—has only one project in U.S. history—a vast undertaking in which to keep auto sales up as far as announced purpose of relieving traffic jams and urban "congestion."

But the power of the auto industry has changed drastically since the 1950s. After decades of unrestricted operations and pure capitalist freedom, Detroit auto makers have increasingly come under such government regulations as Federal clean-air standards. Much of this regulation involves what Altschuler calls "monthly pay" policies: public officials—state and business politicians and politicians—grant "acceptance" permits which exempt an effective enforcement and reliable monitoring. Still, standards are getting on the books. Take the question of the famous three-mile-an-hour, the gas guzzlers of Detroit have been put on warning: they can be fined for bad habits.

The second shape of public policy is

the consumer's voice. One of the conventional arguments made against the private car has been that driving is more "wasted" time (classified passengers accepted). Suddenly, consumers would shift to mass transit, if it was available, so that they could read newspapers or other useful tasks while on route to work. In fact, Altschuler could find no evidence that people select mass transit in order to read, think, or perform any other intellectual activity. Instead, they choose other modes of travel based on practical considerations, such as door-to-door convenience or reliability. Similarly, suburban psychologists claim that drivers like the power: feeling of driving. While this may be true for occasional Sunday drivers, it doesn't apply to commuters, the commuting driver doesn't like driving in rush hour, but he likes mass transit even less during rush hour—far the same practical reasons of convenience and reliability.

As long as automobiles do a better job than mass transit (as measured by the "votes" of the commuting public), Americans will continue to drive to work. In some places, the "quality issue" must be considered. For example, driver support in the form of funds for safety improvements and repairs, and old or handicapped people everywhere need door-to-door service to get around. But there is no national need for expensive new subway systems or new expressways.

At this time, some urban highways are absolutely the best thing the transportation network needs (what is good for the construction industry is not always good for America). New highways and other road-building measures designed to ease congestion are required, and some driving time to achieve these goals in this short run, but primarily because they have off-congestion, they encourage new travelers to congest the highways. Millions of Americans now live farther from work—in the suburbs and exurbs. Further, commuting spends have more longer commuting distances, with no effective saving in time, or even in safety. Not so rationally, Altschuler found not only that Americans are content with the private car but that, on overabundance, they also like the suburban life-styles based on the private car. Surveys show that two-thirds of the people who reside in areas that would like to live in single-family dwellings, while almost

one in a single-family dwelling wants to live in an apartment building. (It does no good to say, "No surveyer ever asked me, or anyone I know.")

The third shape of public policy, of course, is the government. Politicians powerfully prefer policies that don't cost them the support of voters or of campaign contributors. Hence, desirable issues involving the future of the auto do exist, no matter how great America's current satisfaction with the private car. The United States does have to come to dependence on foreign oil in some way. But the simplest short-term response, more efficient short-termers—such as gas rationing and gasoline taxes—cause much anxiety from the car-driving public that no elected official would touch them with a twenty-foot burl.

What about the Arabs and bad air? Altschuler's five policy analysis leads him to the solution of a technological-political fix: direct governmental regulation of the Detroit car makers, in order to spur them to produce safer, less polluting cars with more fuel-efficient engines. It is essential, he concludes, to regulate the actions of four or five big companies (the habits of millions of little commuters, and the necessary technology for regulation) as now exists.

The reason this powerful experience can be pushed around, but not the production turns Marmon on its head. But the record of the past ten years or so bears out Altschuler's analysis. Since the government began leaning on the auto industry in the mid-1960s, the industry has been improved. By 1985, Altschuler predicts, the average new American car will get twice the gas mileage of the 1970 models and produce only about five percent of the carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons of the 1970 models. However, in the same mid-1960s to mid-1970s period, attempts were made to modify the nation's highways through high-lanes—overpasses to replace interchanges to wear highways—and they have failed as the face of public policy.

Everyone was a little with Altschuler's public-policy approach. Detroit, naturally, poses on the costs of its individual improvements to the car-buying public. But since the cost increases are spread over a number of years and mixed in with model changes and inflation, commuters find it hard to blame politicians for more expensive cars. And so we have again the Eisenhower right to drive five blocks for a pack of cigarettes.

Any major new and effective oil embargo might change current definitions of what is politically feasible in America. But short of disaster, planners and politicians who are thinking ahead about the economy and the habits of Americans had better take into account the fact that what people really want is the freedom to drive about as they like. Don't you? —

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[illegible]

AN INEED A LOT OF THIS TODAY.

THE BIRD IN THE THUNDER BIRD MADE ME CHANGE MY PLANE LAST NIGHT.

THEY'RE ACTUALLY REALLY SCARED TODAY.

ONK FEET OVER HEADS AND BACK.

BUMPE

...PARTY LAST NIGHT... CALLED THE JOINT...

WINGING THIS...

DR. MA LAYS

ATTENTION!

HERE COMES ONE OF THOSE COCAINE RUNS FROM THE ISLANDS

[illegible]

THE SHOW

DADDY, I'D BETTER WALK BACKWARDS SO NO ONE WILL SEE MY "METS" UNICUT.

WHAT DO I DO JUST PUSH?

THAT'S THE ONLY WAY LADY.

HOW DO I GET UP HERE?

BUT THE TICKETS SAY—

NEVER MIND WHAT THE TICKETS SAY I KNOW!

THE ONLY THING MYLINDA EVER SAYS TO THE PRINCE IS, "I'M HAPPY TO BE HERE."

I THINK I'LL MAKE UP MY QUOTES TONIGHT, IF THEY'RE GOOD THEY'LL TAKE CREDIT FOR THEM ANYWAY.

HOW'S THIS? AND THAT'S THE FIRST WOULD BE ITCH UNDEARMED BY THE STYLISH STOCKS. SMOOTH RHYME IN THE GAME WARM-UP IN A NIGHT GAME THIS SPRING.

HOLD IT, PEANUT!
 WAIT FOR JOHN.
 HE'S PURSIN' IT!

PEANUTS! PEANUTS!
 GET PEANUTS!
 AND NO MORE
 AND HAVE
 NIGHTMARES.

DO YOU REALLY
 NEED FIVE
 SHOTS OF
 PEANUTS?

LISTEN
 UNTIL THIS
 NO DOES GET
 HERE, WE'VE
 HAVE SOMETHING

[illegible]

WAS ANY-
FOR DRIFT-
GRAPH

WAS BETTER
NOT MARK

LUCKY PROMISED
TO REMEMBER
ME AT THE GAMES
IN NEW YORK.

ANY ONE ARE
YOU COLLING

HEY, PAUL BLANE,
YOU'RE ONE
A KIND-
THANKS FOR THE
AUTOGRAPH

HEY, PAUL, IS
JACKSON STILL
IN THE
DRESSING ROOM?

DAVE COVERLY

My Friend the Anchorman

The life of the hungry anchorman: it's a little like being a tennis bum

On St. Patrick's Day two years ago, Maury Perovich and I did a television show together in Washington. Last year we brewed the Irish by pushing our way through them to a few Chicago bars. This year we were in Los Angeles. My friend Maury, you see, is a television anchorman—it's a little like being a tennis bum.

He's one of maybe a handful of men—and perhaps six women—chasing a dream or, more specifically, a network. "Who knows," he said, "when the big guy steps down in three and a half years." The big guy is Walter Cronkite. "He's an amazing performer. He's over his head and he still pushes into the red more than any man on television." That means that when you watch a sound-bite man like Cronkite at work, the words jump with each word, land, into the red zone at the end of the scale. "I've never seen a man over forty-five who could do that. He's up every second."

Perovich, who is thirty-nine, studies tape cassettes of Cronkite—studying the manner, studying with the sound of for one and head technique—and at the fifteen-man and women he considers his peer group, he seems competent. He's been doing that since I first knew him, when he was the best of Washington's best talk show, *Platoon*, on WTTG-TV, an independent station. In 1976, he decided to give that up—after ten years, 13,000 interviews, and a salary \$75,000 a year—to hit the road, chasing the dream. He began sending cassettes of himself to the network-owned-and-operated stations in the country's three largest markets: New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago.

At the NBC station in Chicago, Richard Reeves is the national editor of *Esquire* magazine.



Maury Perovich of L.A.'s KNXT-TV has gone national, only by inch.

WMAQ-TV. They liked what they saw, and Maury was on his way. After a big promotional campaign—"What can Chicago expect from Maury Perovich?"—WMAQ-TV's third-place rating improved a significant bit. But within a few months, the new underman and the station management were at each other's throats, and Maury, with some help from his lawyers, was on his way to KNXT-TV, the CBS station in Los Angeles. KNXT began a big campaign. "Who is Maury Perovich?"

That pretty much established him in the second fifteen—the mobile, younger anchorman at the level below network types, from the big guy to the Tom Brokaw and Jessica Savitcher. These dreams separate them from the older second-level group—local fixtures, apparently permanent, like Ian James in New York, Jerry Donahue in Los Angeles, and Friday Fry in Chicago. There are the lower three hundred: the staffing

anchor corps of the stations in markets smaller than Chicago—"breathing up our backs every day," as Perovich's words.

Maury's peer group—some of whom carry one another's Nielsen ratings in their pockets—includes men like Chuck Scarborough of WNBC-TV, who came to New York by way of Boston and a string of western markets, and Chicago's most experienced man, Bill Kurat and Walter Jacobson of WBBM-TV, a CBS outlet. Their tapes and films are rolled up and sent out by a small crew of lawyers and agents who function as the nation's anchor brokers: E. G. Hookerstein, a Beverly Hills lawyer; Max Radwin, Bookman and Tom Snyder; Alfred Geller, a New York lawyer who has Perovich and his co-anchor, Connie Chung, as well as Sybil Davis, and Ralph Mason of International Creative Management, who has John Chancellor, Harry Reasoner and Lesley Stahl.

The tapes and the talk go round and round, and when a station is in trouble, as KNXT is now, management reaches for a Perovich or a Gladys or a Kate. The pay is good—Maury has now stepped past \$100,000; some are paid \$300,000—the salary is all. Among other things, the management that paid Perovich in Chicago a year ago and in Los Angeles three months ago have both already been replaced. And there's always Paul Orlitzky, who anchored for both WNBC and KNXT—the last time I saw him was when I turned on a set in Indianapolis and his face was there, saying, "Good evening, the news."

It's a tough business, a team business. The reason to be the underman, according to Maury Perovich, is "because it's the only place in television news where the performer"—he uses the word humorously—"has any control at all." That control does not extend to a choice of where we'll meet next year. ■

Photograph by Brad Hoffman

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